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FIFTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - EDITOR

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WHY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SMILES

LOS ANGELES is crowding the northern metropolis closely these days. With a registration of 70,000 in the city, as compared with 75,000 in San Francisco, and a total of 103,000 in city and county, as against 120,000 in San Francisco and Oakland combined, there will have to be a complete reapportionment of political loaves and fishes before long if the southern metropolis is to receive her fair share of offices. The turning down of a southern candidate for the vacancy on the supreme bench, on which but one representative from this side of the Tehachapi sits, for an Oakland lawyer, favored by the Man Who Issues the Orders, was an invidious act, not in the line of fair play. It illustrates, however, the fact that the solid south, in future, must go north, not with hat in hand and a cringing attitude, but alert, vigorous, masterly, demanding its rights.

This thought is further impressed by the receipt from the controller's department, this week, of the itemized values of property in each county in the state, for the current year, from which interesting statistics are to be gleaned. For the sake of comparison we couple San Francisco and Los Angeles figures, as follows:

	Valued real estate	Impvmts.	Per.Prpty.
San Francisco—	\$258,651,434	\$90,860,558	\$69,640,213
Los Angeles —	233,942,560	97,978,475	62,148,146

San Francisco has more solvent credits and money by thirty millions than her southern competitor for supremacy, which help to give the northern metropolis a grand total value of all property, as returned by auditors, of \$454,708,331, as against \$407,666,294 here. But a trifle of forty-seven millions will not take more years to overcome than the matter of registration. By the next census, the same ratio of increase maintained since 1900 will place Los Angeles in the lead. Alameda makes a splendid

showing, ranking third with a grand total value of all property of 186,892,225. The southern group of counties shows a grand total value of all property as follows:

	Rank	
Imperial,	43	\$ 7,409,539
Orange,	15	20,213,109
Riverside,	20	21,874,067
San Bernardino,	10	33,040,625
San Diego,	9	31,441,399
Santa Barbara,	17	25,380,635
Ventura,	30	13,073,539

Total,\$152,432,883
Add Los Angeles, 407,666,294

Grand Total,\$560,099,177

As the grand total value of all property in the fifty-seven counties of the state is placed at \$1,994,511,229, the eight southern counties, as the figures declare, are credited with having much more than one-fourth of the entire property values of California. Truly a comfortable reflection, emphasizing still more the justice of our claims to a better political representation. It is of interest to note that Imperial county, newest member on the list, has fourteen counties trailing after her, she being number forty-three in rank. Brethren, let us line up, shoulder to shoulder, toes out, heels together, chests a trifle forward, and pass in review.

GOVERNOR GILLETT'S ERROR

GOVERNOR GILLETT has enlivened local politics this week by his genial presence, and in his swing around neighboring cities he has preached the gospel of Republicanism pretty effectually. His welcome has been a cordial one. The state executive has many fine qualities of heart and mind, and with the prestige of an honest and economic administration the people are glad of the opportunity to show their appreciation. As to his alleged Southern Pacific affiliations, they haven't been perniciously obtruded, even if they exist. On the whole, we believe the governor has discharged his official duties fairly and conscientiously, with due regard to all interests. He must be judged by his performances, not by the charges made by political malcontents, who allow their prejudices to obscure all sense of justice.

While highly esteeming the governor we must yet take issue with him for accepting and promulgating the stereotyped utterances concerning prosperity and the tariff, and for making the customary attack on the Wilson-Gorman bill, which is unjustly charged with responsibility for the tight times that were a feature of a portion of Cleveland's second administration. Governor Gillett is right in stating that the tariff is the one great question before the people; that has ever been our contention, but when he asks that revision of the schedules be left to the "friends of the tariff," we must protest. The friends are the beneficiaries; their representatives form a majority of the ways and means committee in the house, and of the finance committee in the senate. Honest revision, to benefit the people, is a moral impossibility in such circumstances. Unless we get an expert commission established, and maintained to revise each item on its merits, so stoutly contended for by Senator Beveridge, it is hopeless to expect other than a continuance of the wholesale robbery of the people which the present high tariff has made possible.

In his speech at Long Beach Monday, the governor discussed the history of the tariff from the partisan viewpoint, attempting to show that revision, whenever entrusted to the Jeffersonian party, had invariably resulted in business depression to the country. Thus, he told his hearers that most persons within sound of his voice re-

membered the disastrous revision which followed Cleveland's election in 1892, when the Wilson bill became a law. O governor, governor! We blush for the narrowness and unfairness of the average political partisan. You know, or ought to know, that the panic or business depression you attribute to the Wilson bill began in the latter half of Harrison's administration, and was not confined to this country. As a matter of fact, President Harrison had exhausted the comfortable surplus—one hundred million dollars—left by Cleveland's first administration, and when the Democratic President entered on his second term he was confronted by an empty treasury, and outstanding obligations amounting to many millions. To replenish the nation's strong box and pay the government's debts an issue of bonds was obligatory. Why? Because the McKinley tariff bill had not furnished sufficient funds to meet the government's running expenses.

It is manifestly absurd to attribute to the Wilson bill the business depression that was in full swing before the measure went into effect. Truth is, business began to improve under that act, and in the last year it was in effect it produced more revenue than had any other tariff bill in the history of the country. In the first year of President McKinley's term that improvement was enhanced by the enormous expenditures necessitated by the Spanish war, and by the millions expended in this country by Great Britain for supplies for its army in the Boer war. It is a curious circumstance that public men; such as Governor Gillett, and even those higher in the party's favor, allow themselves to distort facts for the purpose of gaining converts to the party ticket. It is unworthy of them; nay, the practice is positively dishonest.

PARLOUS TIMES FOR REFORMERS

IT is possible, of course, that the several damage suits filed against City Prosecutor Woolwine and the Express by Mayor Harper and the members of the police board for uttering what is charged to be false and libellous statements, will not come to trial. If, as is alleged, Mayor Harper has stated in the presence of reputable witnesses that he favored the segregation of the red light district, and in pursuance of that policy has permitted the social evil uninterrupted license, then is he guilty of a violation of the state law which his oath of office obligates him to enforce. That the red light district remains unmolested by the police department, the chief of which is an appointee of the mayor, and amenable to the police board, is prima facie evidence of the tacit consent of the sworn authorities to the illicit and disreputable trade in human chattels. This is the inevitable and logical conclusion.

Evidently, what the mayor and the police board resent is not so much the fact that they make no effort to abate the social evil, in conformity with the laws on the statute books, but that they are charged with protecting vice and are even profiting by it. It may be urged by the defendants to the libel suit that such a charge is a fair inference, since fallen women are permitted to ply their hideous trade without interference of the law, and in other cities such freedom is always at a price. But the difficult thing will be to prove the truth of the deductive charge. If Captain Fredericks had given his deputy the free hand promised in the jury room, the absolute non-interference guaranteed in his letter of October 3 to Mr. Woolwine, perhaps—we repeat, perhaps—the city prosecutor could have unearthed damaging evidence that might have been of material advantage to the defendants in case the libel suits are pressed home.

Unfortunately, for his cause, Mr. Woolwine lost his temper in the jury room, and made use

of an epithet to his superior officer of which the latter was bound to take cognizance. It resulted in the severance of official relations a second time, and the collapse of the grand jury investigations, so far as the city prosecutor is concerned. If Mr. Woolwine's implied charges are well founded, that his chief was blocking the inquisition, hence he has refused to divulge his sources of information, for fear of a complete failure of his case, then we can understand the temptation to call ugly names. But it was unwise in that it gave the district attorney apparent justification for the peremptory dismissal of his deputy. Incidentally, it blocked that free hand, which the public was anxious to see used without restriction of any kind.

At this writing it appears certain, from the proceedings in Judge James' court Monday, that the grand jury is not a unit in its desire to get at the truth of the Woolwine charges. A portion seems honestly desirous of probing the matter to the bottom, while a part is evidently not in sympathy with the investigation, although extremely friendly with Captain Fredericks. The decision of Judge James, to be rendered Saturday, October 24, as to whether or not Thomas Lee Woolwine must disclose his sources of information to a grand jury, that he has reason to believe is not wholly in sympathy with his efforts, is the next step in this complicated and discouraging situation. We use the word discouraging advisedly, for the lot of the reformer is a hard and mighty unsatisfactory one when attacking entrenched vice. In case the city prosecutor is successfully checked we suggest to the various civic bodies that they get together, employ a good lawyer, with no embarrassing affiliations, and sound the depths of this unsavory mess.

WANAMAKER'S "HOUSE PALATIAL"

JOHN WANAMAKER'S name is a synonym for business integrity, for commercial achievements, for good citizenship, for high ideals. This has been demonstrated so repeatedly that it is axiomatic among those who know him best and honor him most. As a distinguished Philadelphian he will rank with Benjamin Franklin and with Stephen Girard when his final estimate shall have been taken, years hence, when his name is but a memory and time has so sifted his actions and proved them just that they "smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

There are great men in all ranks of life. It is not on the field of battle or in the conning tower of a destroyer, engaged in physical contest for supremacy, that all the world's heroes are to be found. Just as many brave men, just as many famous captains embellish civil life as have glorified the achievements of army and navy, and among the civilians the name of John Wanamaker will shine with lustrous glow, because of his brilliant essays in his chosen field of endeavor, when his admiring countrymen are inspired to pay their final earthly tributes to his many attributes of character. This is not hero worship, it is an honest expression from one who at a respectful distance, and as a newspaperman who still cherishes a few ideals in a materialistic age, has seen how admirably the illustrious Philadelphian has responded to the calls of duty, at all times in his busy career, adorning and elevating every position to which he has been chosen, whether it is as the head of a great commercial establishment, the advisor of a president, as a cabinet officer, or the rallying center of patriotic citizens intent on driving dishonest politicians from the nests they have befooled.

This exordium may seem to be entirely foreign to the "art of home living," the topic in mind, but the suffix should show the applicability of these prefatory remarks. Only recently John Wanamaker has proved the splendid courage of his convictions by opening what is called the Wanamakers Store of Galleries, at Ninth and Broadway, in New York. Sceptics have scoffed at what pessimistic Gothamites termed the optimistic idiocy of the great merchant, first, in investing so heavily in a downtown location, next, for believing that legitimate transactions and absolute squaredealing had the ghost of a

show to succeed in an atmosphere surcharged with Wall street noxious exhalations.

Eight entire stores in the big new building are devoted to a display of interior furnishing and decoration, making a new era in commercial development. Chief among the exhibits is what has been appropriately named the "House Palatial," a life-size reproduction, within the huge store, of a mansion in which each room is a creation in artistic furnishing of a distinct period of style. It is an effort on a large scale to popularize the art of home living, to spread the love of beautiful things, to educate aright the tastes of those having the means to buy, and to bring articles of worth and beauty within the reach of the people. Says the North American, commenting upon this departure in commercial enterprise:

It did not seem strange, while strolling through the rooms, to see a man in the crowd stop and suddenly snatch off his hat with a sheepish look, as if he were ashamed that he had so far forgotten himself as to wear it past the entrance. The rooms were as fresh and "livable" as if the family had just left for the theater. On a seat in the nursery lay a juvenile periodical, the leaves half cut. In the wonderful Sheraton boudoir the silver toilet set of the mistress of the house lay in slight disorder on the dresser. It is these spacious rooms that focus the light and beauty of the whole new galleries. Here the connoisseur rubs elbows with the uninformed, to whom the hallowed names of Sheraton and Chippendale and Adam are meaningless. But both can drink in the poetry of color and light and shade. Each will recognize the consummate blending of it all, the symmetry and poise, the infinite suggestion that lies in one sweeping line, the impulse and exhilaration of true art.

Space forbids a detailed description of the House Palatial. There are twenty-six rooms in all, of as many designs. There is a model bathroom, a model kitchen, a servants' dining-room, a garden—a cool, sunken garden, with brick walls and a pergola, in the formal Italian style. There are day and night nurseries, also cosy, easy-going rooms for the college boy and his college sister. There are bedrooms in the fashion named for Marie Antoinette and in that of the English Georges. There is a Moorish room, an old English smokingroom, a Jacobean dining-room with a marvelous ceiling in plastic relief. But with all the mingling together of unlike styles there is nowhere a hint of discord or of a sudden change in passing from one to the other.

At the opening of this "experiment in selling comfort and beauty," Mr. Wanamaker, the Man Who Did, was presented by the heads of his Philadelphia house with a handsome watch and in a brief address of acknowledgment he spoke feelingly of the cordial relations between the management and the staff, adding, "I believe the entire country will feel the wisdom and the worth of our present undertaking and that within a year it will be found responding to what we are doing." He is right, and as a pioneer in the movement to popularize the art of home living, Mr. Wanamaker is entitled to his full reward.

"LOVE PIRATES," AHOY!

MAN to the rescue! Here's a Chicago matron heard declaring in a suit for divorce, because her husband had been fascinated by his office girl, that, "the girl in the downtown office is a constant menace to the wife in the home." Here is the indictment:

She is a love pirate, whether she intends to be or not. She is the bird of brilliant plumage that fascinates and lures men from the gray respectability of the home.

Good gracious! And we never suspected it before. Surrounded by these same pirates, too, for years, and yet mercifully allowed to escape their wiles. The awful menace of such contact almost paralyzes the mental faculties, when the dangers are reviewed. Surely, the Chicago wife is mistaken in believing that the association of a business man with a young woman, in his office, is so demoralizing for both. Why does it follow that the man gets to know the girl "better than her own mother knows her," and by what process of thought transference does she know his foibles, his follies, his weaknesses and his vices "far better than his wife ever could know them?"

Foolishness! A silly girl and an unprincipled

cad of a married man may, occasionally, trample down the barriers of reserve, but the vulgarities of a few individuals by no means express the prevailing conduct of the majority. Not that the male brute is disinclined to become "chummy" if given half a chance—his proneness in that direction is not underestimated—but the girl in the business office, as a rule, is anything but brainless or lacking in character. She attends to her duties, adroitly discourages advances that do not pertain to her office work, and quickly teaches the man to drop all nonsense. Her livelihood is at stake; honor, self-respect, bread-and-butter, common sense compel her to steer clear of entanglements that cannot fail to result disastrously.

Nor is the average business man found revealing his inner self to his feminine office force. He may have his foibles, his follies, his weaknesses and his vices, being human; but mental discipline, which makes for character, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred has taught him to eschew the sort of folly alleged by the Chicago matron. It is a preposterous indictment, to which neither the man nor the girl is compelled to plead guilty. To the contrary, we do not hesitate to affirm that the presence of a bright, sensible girl in a business office is distinctly uplifting to the male portion, instead of the reverse. Her presence is a constant check to the tongue, which otherwise might be more unbridled. As a consequence, the young man and his elder are habituated to clean language, respectful deportment, and honest regard for their fellow worker. This is the true mission of her sex. Without a good woman man deteriorates; she uplifts, she exalts, she inspires the male sex to nobler and better deeds wherever her beneficent presence is felt. A love pirate! Pish, tush! The girl who enters a business office to fly the black flag and prey on other women's holdings, is a rara avis. Such an one quickly finds the springboard and the front door. We advise the wife at home to be undismayed by the Chicago woman's outburst. The husband may be little less than a god in her loving estimation, but he is a bald-headed, rotund, utterly uninteresting piece of humanity, sexually, to his office girl.

SPECIOUS BANK GUARANTEE PLAN

SENATOR DOLLIVER to the contrary notwithstanding, the leading independent Republican newspapers of the country agree that the chief issues of the present campaign are tariff revision, a thorough improvement of the banking and currency system, and a comprehensive program for development and conservation of the resources of the country. First on the list, it will be noted, is placed tariff revision, just as The Graphic has stoutly contended is right, because of its paramount importance to the welfare of the nation.

Next comes currency reform. Unfortunately, the last congress refused to adopt the one supreme measure calculated to give the country a safer and sounder banking system—the establishment of a central bank of issue. Instead, a temporary expedient was adopted, which is at best only a makeshift. Currency shortage will continue to worry the country every recurring crop moving period until a benighted congress is forced to follow the sane lead of Germany and of France. A central bank that could rediscount the commercial paper of national banks would render monetary shortages impossible.

Mr. Bryan's remedy for bank failures is a guarantee of national bank deposits, which scheme, to our notion, is little more than an encouragement of unsafe, dishonest and speculative banking. Far better is the plan urged by the veteran Henry Clews, for a closer supervision of banks by the bankers themselves. This is the California idea of it, as The Graphic showed last Saturday by quoting from the statement of Mr. Woodside of this city, who helped to draft the constitution of the new clearing-house association, which will establish a new bank examination system. Here is the crux of the safeguard as announced by Mr. Woodside:

Although the adoption of our plans means an absolute protection to the public it is primarily a protection for the bankers themselves, who must be guarded against the misconduct of their fellows.

We contemplate placing in operation through the state clearing house association a bank guarantee which will be superior to any protection that can be afforded by legislation, however broad and drastic it may be. So exhaustive will be the examinations undertaken by the association that even the slightest technical error or discrepancy in the conduct of a bank will be at once detected and the most drastic measures will be put in force to obviate harm falling upon the association, institutions, or depositors. There will not be the slightest possibility of any banking corporation or private banker impairing resources to such an extent that other bankers and the public will be injured.

This sane, sound and eminently admirable plan of guaranteeing bank deposits is now in operation in Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City and a few other commercial centers. Contrast its workings with the government guarantee measure proposed by Mr. Bryan. The latter system, if adopted, cannot fail to place a premium on unsound banking, with the result, as Mr. Clews declared in his address last week before the Baltimore chapter of the American Institute of Banking, that the reckless and inefficient banker would be on the same footing with the provident and experienced one. "There is neither justice nor equity in making strong and well-managed banks meet the deficiencies of the ill-managed and the crippled that fail," said Mr. Clews, adding, "If bank deposits are to be guaranteed, the government should allow it to be by an independent organization of the banks themselves for that purpose."

Representative Charles H. Fowler, of New Jersey, who is a leader in the efforts to establish a system of banking and currency that shall be both stable and elastic, does not hesitate to stamp the Bryan plan of national guarantee as ridiculous and dangerous. He curtly declares it to be just as absurd as it would be to pass a law requiring all life insurance companies to insure all lives without any examination of those insured; or a law requiring fire insurance companies to insure all risks without examination of the property. He adds:

Until the bankers of the United States are authorized and compelled to supervise themselves and made responsible for themselves, we shall not secure the reforms that are essential to the protection of all bank credits, to the more steady and permanent employment of labor, the protection of the manufacturer, the merchant and commerce generally against our annual spasms and periodical cataclysms.

This is in line with what California bankers propose to do through the new state clearing house association, as indicated above. In a recent interview, James B. Forgan, president of the First National bank, of Chicago, regarded as one of the greatest commercial bankers in this country, is quoted as saying that at one of the banquets he attended in Europe last summer, every one of the speakers blamed the United States for the distress caused abroad, and they attributed it all to our banking system. He confessed that he could not reply to the strictures of the Europeans simply because he knew they were deserved. Said Mr. Forgan: "I sat there and took it all as the representative of a faulty system must." Mr. Fowler contends that if our banking system is to become what it ought to be to serve our business interests, and what its importance in the commerce of the world demands, the following ends must be attained:

First. Our bank reserves should all be in gold.

Second. The required amount of reserves should be maintained.

Third. Our currency should be bank-notes redeemable in gold coin, and always directly related to business transactions. Currency should never be issued by the government, because government issues cannot be related to current business transactions, and must always mislead the public, and are certain to be so abused that disaster will certainly overtake the government issuing its notes, because no natural or economic law determines the amount of the issue.

Fourth. The savings accounts of our banks should all be kept separate and apart from the commercial accounts, and invested strictly in accordance with law or prescribed rules.

Fifth. All the trust funds held by banks should be kept separate and apart from all other accounts and disposed of in strict accordance with the laws of the respective states, or of prescribed rules.

These things, he points out, never can be secured without unifying and co-ordinating the

banking interests of the United States, which cannot be accomplished if we start on the downward and fatal course of issuing United States notes to meet business requirements in accordance with the Democratic platform, and fatuously and foolishly taxing all banks to insure deposits in accordance with the Bryan plan.

GRAPHITES

Harvard alumni throughout the country have learned with deep regret this week of the passing away in Cambridge, early Wednesday morning of Charles Eliot Norton, in his eighty-first year. He died in his old home, "Shady Hill," where the ripe scholar and professor of art history was born November 16, 1827. For thirty-four years he had been a member of Harvard faculty, where his reflected light intensified materially the effulgent rays shed by the great educational center. It is not excessive praise to say that Professor Norton was foremost among American thinkers and scholars. He was the youngest member of a notable group of cultured men of whom Emerson, George William Curtis, James Russell Lowell, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Henry W. Longfellow were shining members. Colonel Higginson, now in his eighty-fourth year, is the sole survivor of this coterie that has done so much to glorify American literature. In letters, Professor Norton will be longest remembered for his prose translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy" which he had interpreted to so many successive classes of students before it appeared in printed form. He was the originator, president, and soul of the Dante society in America. The literary executor of Lowell and Curtis, whose poetry, letters and speeches he edited for publication after their death, he had also been associated with Lowell in the editorship of the scholarly old North American Review. A man of the highest ideals, Professor Norton was a stern and fearless critic of everything in our social life that fell short of his standards. One of his biographers has well said that it would be difficult to find a better example than he presented to illustrate the happy use of moderate wealth and of inherited scholarly tastes—his father was a pillar of orthodoxy in Harvard Divinity school—for lifelong self-improvement and many-sided usefulness. The man of unwearying self-culture, who has set an example of that ideal which all may in due measure attain.

In its usual slap-bang style the esteemed Times lambastes what it is pleased to term "the direct primary humbug," which it proves to its own satisfaction has been an arrant failure wheresoever tested. The Times cites among others that of Illinois' case, where the reform forces were routed when the direct primary law there went into effect. "Machine politicians," says the Times, "whom no party had dared to nominate for years, came back and under the direct primary were elected easily." True, too true, and why? Because "Foul-mouth" Joe Cannon, the reactionary autocrat, who has stifled so much good legislation by his arbitrary methods, used his personal influence at Springfield to emasculate and render nugatory the direct primary bill sought to be passed by the earnest reformers, allowing, merely, the husk of a direct primary law to be enacted. It was a piece of high-handed treachery to the people quite in keeping with his record at Washington. Yet this reproach to the Republican party is the same fellow touted by the Times as "God-given" and of the stuff Abraham Lincoln was made. Pah!

Not much notice has been taken south of the Tehachapi of the defeat of the resolution introduced in the recent Trans-Mississippi Commercial congress, held in San Francisco, advocating an American parcels post, the benefits of which to the country at large can scarcely be overestimated. Long ago such a service ceased to be an experiment in European countries, but the same interests that dominate legislation on the tariff continue to deny this boon to the people. Postal rates on merchandise are maintained just high enough above the schedule of express companies to throw the bulk of the business to the private corporations, and the patrons pay the freight. So long as Senator Platt is kept in the upper house of congress that wily

old politician will see to it that no bill is passed by the senate giving the people a national parcels post service. His influence, aligned with the Aldriches, the Penroses and other reactionaries will defeat any bill that may chance to be sent in from the lower house. It is incredible that the attempt made to get the Trans-Mississippi Commercial congress to indorse an American parcels post should have been greeted with hissing and hooting, directed at the champion of the measure. But if the express companies can control the national body of lawmakers why not a commercial congress?

What a shock to read the staring headlines in our favorite morning journal that "Female Anti-Jap Union Suits Hayes." The Hayes, coupled with "female anti-jap union suits," is congressman from the Fifth district. "Red" Hayes, as he is known colloquially to the politicians with whom the San Jose man foregathers. We trust that the Republican representative will be able to explain to the satisfaction of Mrs. Hayes this apparent penchant of his for female anti-jap union suits. Knowing of his predilections for Japanese exclusion, we can understand, in a measure, why he should lean toward anti-jap union suits or even the two-piece kind; but why the continuous underclothing of the weaker sex? That is the perplexing part of the announcement. We feel that an explanation from the congressman is due.

We almost had heart disease upon reading on the front page of last Sunday's Examiner that a Pasadena capitalist was "contemplating" the erection of a 45-story building at Eighth and Broadway. This was in the headlines; the subject matter below stated that the "multi-millionaire" would build a one, or possibly two-story building on his lot for the present. And there you are. It is a truly Hearstian trick. He carries his readers, similarly, to the top of a 45-story building and then invariably drops them to the sidewalk below. Great is his "journalism."

According to the New York World's postal card canvass of registered voters for an expression of their choice for governor and president, Taft will lead Bryan in the Empire state by about 15,000 and Chanler will defeat Hughes by upward of 200,000 votes. The declaration is so emphatic for Chanler as to be little short of a certainty, but the difference in favor of Taft is hardly enough to restore confidence. The result of the poll seems to substantiate the prognosis made by The Graphic two weeks ago that the outlook in New York is dubious for the Republican candidate for the presidency and almost hopeless for Hughes. It is interesting to note that the World sent out 35,000 postal cards in all, which were mailed to the assembly districts in Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens and Richmond boroughs. Past experience has demonstrated that this method of obtaining impartial expression of opinion from the voters is fairly reliable.

Dr. Charles Edward Locke, of the First Methodist church, of Los Angeles, preached a sermon last Sunday, the burden of which was "Don't Worry." Among other inspiring utterances the doctor said:

Get out of doors into God's pure air and under the blue sky and by the chanting sea. To see nothing but man's handiwork is enough to give a man the blues. Stop feasting at night and late hours; plan for seven or eight hours of healthful sleep, drink quarts of pure water daily; eat an abundance of plain food; indigestion destroys more happiness and religion than atheism; three-fourths of the worry of life is due to careless treatment of our bodies.

With all this our good friend, "Dr." Harry Brook, will readily agree; in fact, it is remarkably like one of his valuable prescriptions for the "care of the body." Another strong advocate of the "don't worry" theory is our fellow-citizen Mr. Arthur Letts, the wealthy merchant, who has adopted that maxim as the motto of his business house. We could have wished Mr. Locke had told us how to dodge the mental ailment when one's account is in red ink at the bank, an overdue note is "making faces" at one and the means to liquidate is not in sight. But, alas, the average preacher's optimism is not intended to apply to concrete cases. Who shall roll us away the stone? A merry heart and a good liver is the answer. Um-h!

BY THE WAY

Judge Sepulveda Renewing Friendships

Judge Ignacio Sepulveda of the City of Mexico is visiting his near kin, the Motts, John and Ignacio, and Mrs. Thomas Mott, their mother, who was a Sepulveda. Judge Sepulveda was the last district judge of Los Angeles county in Governor Pio Pico's regime, and is one of the best known, as he is one of the best respected, lawyers in the Mexican capital, whither he transferred his practice many years ago. He speaks and writes five languages, and is a courtly and cultured gentleman of the good old school. I believe my friend George Denis, himself a punctilio in etiquette, had the honor of arguing his first case in court before Judge Sepulveda.

Aide-de-Camp to Maximilian

In the troublous days when Maximilian was attempting to establish a monarchy in the neighboring republic, Ignacio Sepulveda served as his aide-de-camp, and when the unfortunate Austrian was condemned to be shot at Queretaro in 1867, the Los Angeleno came very near to sharing his chief's fate. Powerful friends intervened, however, and the appeals made by Secretary of War Stanton for clemency for the American were successful. No visit to Mexico by a resident of Los Angeles, is considered complete without a call on Judge Sepulveda, whose kindness and courtesy to those hailing from his native city are among the pleasantest memories brought back home.

Dinner in Judge Sepulveda's Honor

In honor of Judge Ignacio Sepulveda a superbly brilliant banquet was given in the breakfast room of the California club Thursday evening. The guest list included those men who in the days of his residence here were closely associated with Judge Sepulveda in friendship and professional relations. The banquet table was oval shaped and decorated to represent a park, with an electric fountain forming a center piece. Colored lights adorned the border and at one end was a miniature bull-fighting ring with imitations of the charging animals, matadores and other accessories of the sport of the Mexican capital. Besides Judge Sepulveda there were present at the dinner, Ex-Gov. Henry T. Gage, Bishop Conaty, Henry W. O'Melveny, J. A. Graves, James Cuzner, J. J. Mellus, John T. Gaffey, Y. L. Mott, John G. Mott, Henry Van Der Leek, Robert Ross, George J. Denis, Hancock Banning, Richard Garvey, W. R. Rowland, Richard Egan and W. H. Workman.

When Los Angeles and Redlands Met

When Rhodes Hervey was in Paris recently with his wife and their friend, Mrs. Clara Shatto, a long-anticipated visit to the grand opera house was paid. Acting on good advice they decided to sit in the third tier of boxes, whence a fine view of the house could be had. The same sage told them to get there early, so as to occupy the front seats. They did; they were among the first persons admitted to the evening performance, and their reward was the three front seats of the box. Ten minutes later three other box seat holders filed in, and were not slow in expressing their disappointment to find the coveted first row taken.

"Must have been here since breakfast," Rhodes heard one of the newcomers breathe in a stage whisper.

"Probably camped on the front steps all night," was the confidential response.

They were compatriots, that was evident. With one of his winning smiles—Rhodes has a captivating manner—the Los Angeles banker-lawyer turned to the belated trio, and rising, said, "There is room for one of your ladies in front."

This offer was accepted in the spirit it was made. The male escort remarked, "That kind of courtesy could only come from the West. Where are you from?"

"Los Angeles."

"I knew it. We're from Redlands." It's a small world, after all.

Lost, a Green Tailored Suit

There is a woman's tailor in town whose high-priced suits are not prohibitive, because they are really worth the rather fancy amount demanded. Of course, I mention no names—this is not a paid advertisement. Early this week the managing head found three suits finished, awaiting delivery. The factotum was off in another direction, so the manager told a subordinate to place the boxes in his automobile, and he would deliver them himself, on his way home to luncheon. At

the first port of call he jumped down—he is his own chauffeur—to find the tonneau door open and two of the suits missing. He hastily retracked over the route, but discovered no clew. As he had followed the car lines he decided to visit the "lost and found" bureau of the yellow cars, and there, to his partial relief, was one of the missing boxes, which a conductor had turned in, having found it alongside the track. But the other, a hundred dollar tailored affair, is still in hiding. If the finder was a woman who has succumbed to the temptation and now is wearing the green tailored suit, she would better beware! There are sharp eyes on the lookout for a dress pattern of that particular shade of green.

Job for a Good Sleuth

Here's a job for the sharpest "plainclothes" man at central station: Tuesday last, at 5:30 in the evening, two mites of children, a boy and a girl, were seen standing on a corner on Arlington street, anxiously gazing up and down that thoroughfare. A young woman in passing observed, "Waiting for papa?"

"No," piped up the little girl, "we's lookin' for a policeman."

"A policeman! What for?"

Then the boy: "Why, you thee, Gutthie an' me went into that candy thtore over there, an' Gutthie thtlood her dollie up outthide. When we comed out her dollie wath gone, an' now we want a politheman to find it. Did you thee one?"

"No, dear, I didn't," gulped the young woman, finding a sob, queerly enough, overtaking a smile that had started first. They were still standing together, hand locked in hand, as she turned the next corner.

Noted Native Daughter Passes

There died in Los Angeles a few days ago a grand-daughter of Manuel Valenzuela, who came to California in 1782, married Josefa Cota, at San Diego in 1784, and moved to Los Angeles in 1786, where their first son, Gaspar, was born that same year. In 1809 Gaspar married Marinacia Lopez, whose father had accompanied Manuel Valenzuela from Spain, with the expedition of 1782. There were born to Gaspar and Marinacia Valenzuela, in Los Angeles, ten children, as follows:

Manuel, 1811	Estefano, 1823
Josefa, 1814	Ignacio, 1825
Ramon, 1817	Maria, 1827
Emilina, 1819	Jose, 1830
Eustacio, 1821	Sesaria, 1823

Buried Emilina Afoot

Of these but one is living, the youngest, Sesaria, who at 75 is a hale and hearty woman. Perhaps the most brilliant of the brothers and sisters was Emilina, who died in 1881, the shortest-lived of all. She had the gift of healing, was a noted nurse and had the confidence of every don in early Los Angeles, who would ride post-haste for Emilina when sickness overtook his family. Old Dr. Giffin set great store by her, and she often assisted him in his operations. Her funeral is still remembered here for the reason that it was the last to be held afoot; every mourner, from Father Peter down, trudged through the streets to the cemetery on Buena Vista street, and back, on this occasion. Her memory is still revered among old timers.

Maria Valenzuela de Ybarra

But Maria, the eighth child, who died recently, was the most remarkable of the group, a strong-willed, resolute character, proud of her father's father, who came direct from Spain, and proud of her eight children, in whom she instilled habits of industry, combined with traits of honesty and independence. Maria Valenzuela was married in 1848 to Pedro Ybarra, who died December 20, 1900. He was a lieutenant under General Andreas Pico, when Fremont undertook to capture Los Angeles, and also took part in the chase after Juan Flores, whose inglorious uprising was recounted in these columns last week. Pedro was surrounded by his entire family when he passed away in his home on Buena Vista street eight years ago.

Sixty Years Under Same Roof

For sixty years the Ybarras have lived in that same house, which stands on a hundred feet of ground where once it was the center of many acres owned by the family. Maria's death is the second to be chronicled in all that time, the husband's being the first. Of the eight children, only two have married, but they live together under the same roof that has housed them since they first saw light. Big, tall, strong men and women they are, adoring their mother to the last. They

were gathered about her bedside as the end came last Monday, tearfully awaiting the final summons that would take this oldest of native daughters from the city she loved so well.

Passing of Maria

"Chico," (little one), she called.

Chico is the baby, 39 years old, six feet tall, unmarried, smooth of face.

He bent down to the dying woman, who passed her hand caressingly over the face of her last born. "What is it, madre, carido?" he asked.

"Don't change, Chico," she whispered. "Be like your good father; he never did anything to be ashamed of." Then a slight pressure of the hand, a farewell kiss, a smiling good-bye to her assembled children and grandchildren, and Maria Valenzuela de Ybarra, oldest native daughter of Los Angeles, closed her eyes and awaited the final summons, which came in a few moments.

Requiescat in Pace

They gave her a three days' wake, at which four noted cooks "spelled" one another in providing the baked meats, and then followed the funeral at the Plaza church, one of the largest and most elaborate the native Californians have held in many years. As the cortege filed slowly across town, following the ceremony, to the Catholic burial grounds on Boyle Heights, murmured blessings on the dead woman were breathed by many a poor Mexican she had helped in her long and busy life, and with the sign of the cross accompanying was a prayer for the repose of Maria's soul.

"Willie" Winter and the Claim Agent

Just before "Willie" Winter, as the late Joe Jefferson loved to call the dean of American dramatic critics, returned to his home on Long Island Sound, he received a visit from a Santa Fe claim agent, and thereby hangs a little tale. On his way out to the coast Mr. Winter was in one of the few accidents that overtake the Santa Fe, and although he escaped serious injuries, he was badly shaken up. A courteous adjuster who boarded the train to inquire as to the extent of his damages was informed by Mr. Winter's son that his father might be incapacitated for work, but it was too early to know. If he were not debarred from writing there would be no claim made. If otherwise, a bill would be rendered.

Settled for Damages Himself

For a month afterward, however, Mr. Winter felt the effects of the shock to his enfeebled system, and the special articles on which he was engaged and had promised to finish were obliged to be laid aside; part of this time the dean was in hospital. It was decided to file a claim for \$1000. One day when young Jefferson Winter was in Los Angeles, a Santa Fe agent called on the old gentleman at Bay City.

"What do you think we ought to pay you?" Mr. Winter was asked.

"O, I don't know, whatever you think is right," was the reply.

"Would \$650 be satisfactory?"

"O yes, I expect so," returned Mr. Winter.

"Very well, sir, if you'll sign this quit claim we'll send you a check," observed the adjuster, cheerfully.

"And father did it," confided the disgusted Jefferson to a mutual friend, "just as he would have signed for \$200 or \$150, if it had been offered him. He is a child in arms when it comes to money matters."

Big Convention Likely in 1910

There is a good likelihood of Los Angeles being chosen by the American Institute of Homeopathy as the gathering place of the association at its annual convention in 1910. This year the meeting was held in Kansas City, and Detroit captured the convention for 1909, but the pins are being set up, I understand, to bring the 2,000 members to Southern California's metropolis the year following. In this laudable effort Dr. W. A. Waddell is a moving spirit and one of the steps to this end is the election of Dr. J. H. Ward, of San Francisco, who has been urged to allow his name to come before the Detroit gathering next year. With Dr. King as presiding officer, and favoring the Los Angeles agitation any objection on the score of jealousy between the two coast cities is at once removed.

Two Thousand Homeopaths Due

It is a clever piece of justifiable politics, worthy the source of inspiration. By starting in at this early stage, Dr. Waddell and his fellow conspirators are reasonably sure of achieving

success. In addition to the two thousand and more members, a large percentage of whom attend the annual conventions, there are at least 200 more members of the Society of Ophthalmology and Otology, whose annual convention is held simultaneously with that of the parent body and at the same place. I hope Dr. Waddell may land the plum for Los Angeles.

Experiences in a Dining Car

Dr. Waddell, by the way, is just back from a two months' visit with his family in Massachusetts, where his three boys are attending school. The morning after leaving Los Angeles, on the outward journey, the doctor tripped into the dining car, following a good night's rest, feeling at peace with the world. He was seated at table with a man who was protesting because of alleged poor service, at which the doctor internally smiled, mentally attributing the "kick" to a bad liver or a faulty digestive apparatus. He looked over the bill of fare, ordered a Casaba melon, a steak, and coffee, and, ignoring the glum looks of his vis-a-vis, cheerfully awaited results. Presently, no, in about fifteen minutes, the darkey waiter brought in a wretched-looking melon, which he set down in front of the grumpy stranger. It was a tip to Dr. Waddell to make a swift change in his fruit order. He acted on it, and asked the waiter to bring him peaches. "Shuah, boss, ah'll bring yo' peaches, 'stid o' melon," was the response.

Bathed in Worcestershire Sauce

Just then the man across the table whacked the white cloth with the melon brought him, and in a loud voice, said he'd be blankety blanked if that wasn't a pretty scurvy specimen to serve after he'd waited thirty minutes or so to get it. The darkey was in a sort of nervous collapse, acting as if he had been on a prolonged debauch, and his efforts to appease the wrathful patron were ludicrous. Finally, he picked up the bottle of Worcestershire sauce, for no special reason that the doctor could see, and, in his awkward attempts to clear space for the protestant, hit the bottle a smart clip against the cruetstand and broke it in two, near its base. Instantly, the tablecloth was saturated with the dark brown mixture. The stranger emitted strong language, Dr. Waddell jumped into the aisle, and the dining car conductor came up on the run. The waiter was curtly admonished and Dr. Waddell transferred to a vacated seat across the aisle, still under the same sable attendance, however.

Tragedy of the Flannel Cakes

Another fifteen minutes elapsed, and then came his peaches—a few scrawny slices, resembling raw potatoes in texture. The doctor attempted one bite, and passed them up. Fifteen more minutes, and in steamed the waiter, bearing a covered dish aloft. He set it down in triumph before the disciple of Esculapius, with a flourish, disclosing to the astonished guest, a big stack of flannel cakes.

"For the love of Mike," exclaimed the doctor, "what's this?"

"Yo' ordah, sah."

"Not mine. I ordered a steak."

"No, sah, dis yo's."

"But I tell you it isn't."

"Well, eat dese, anyway, boss, else I'll get fahed, shuah."

"Eat nothing; I wouldn't touch 'em for a fortune."

"Dey won't cost you nuthin' boss; ah'll pay for 'em ef you des keep still."

Hint to Passenger Agents

By this time the conductor was attracted, and he glanced at the duplicate slip of the doctor's order. "Jim, this gentleman didn't order cakes; what d'ye mean by insisting on bringing these in?"

Jim began to stammer and grow palsied again. He swept up the cakes, was gone another fifteen minutes, and then brought in the steak and a pot of cold coffee! These days one has only to mention buckwheat cakes and Worcestershire sauce to Dr. Waddell to raise corrugated lines on his dome of thought. I'm not saying on which transcontinental line this remarkable scene actually took place, because I am certain it was not a typical occurrence. But if the general passenger agents of the several overland roads having headquarters in Los Angeles, are curious, a telephone call on the doctor will elicit the information.

Sheldon Back in the Fold

Lionel A. Sheldon making speeches in the interest of the Republican national ticket marks a

significant incident, and one which proves that most of those who called themselves silver Republicans in 1896 about here have returned to their first political love. Gov. Sheldon was among the ardent Bryan enthusiasts in the campaign made by the Peerless One when he sought the presidency the first time. The ex-territorial governor is of the civil war epoch, having been a brigade commander in that conflict. Later, he was appointed governor of New Mexico. He is an Ohioan, and a former member of congress from that state, but a resident of Pasadena for a number of years. He was an ardent silver advocate in 1896, and four years later also supported William J. Bryan for the presidency. The Parker-Roosevelt campaign brought him back into the Republican fold, but he delivered no speeches that year. Now he is out ardently supporting William Howard Taft, who has been his personal friend for a decade.

In Line for Promotion

In his recent decision affecting the constitutionality of the Cartwright anti-trust law, Superior Judge Curtis D. Wilbur has witten himself down as one of the prominent figures of the Republican state campaign two years hence. If a political prediction that far in advance is worthy serious consideration, one of the future associate justices of the supreme court of California will be Curtis D. Wilbur.

Senator Willis to Live Here

Writing of politics, Henry M. Willis, state senator from the San Bernardino-Inyo district, is to remove to Los Angeles, after the next session of the legislature. Willis, who proved himself possessed of more than ordinary ability in the last session, has purchased an attractive home in one of the desirable residence sections of this city. He will practice law here. Leaders of the Republican organization in San Bernardino are not shedding tears because of Senator Willis' desertion of his former political moorings. If in doubt on this subject consult, among others, "Steve" Kelly, San Bernardino's postmaster.

General Chaffee's Friend, "Bill Taft"

Which brings to mind that Adna R. Chaffee, lieutenant-general, U.S.A., retired, now a valued member of this community, will cast his first vote for President this year. And while several of the general's newspaper friends have been industriously proving for several days that his choice as Theodore Roosevelt's successor is not known even to members of the general's family, it is a pretty safe guess that the presidential aspirant who for a time was General Chaffee's superior, at the head of the war department, and whom he calls with affection "Big Bill Taft," will secure his vote.

Served in Philippines Together

Persons may advertise that they know William Howard Taft intimately, but the gentleman closest to the Republican candidate on the Pacific Coast is Adna R. Chaffee. In addition to the fact that, as chief of staff of the army, in which capacity General Chaffee was the connecting link between Secretary Taft and the war department, the two were officially and personally as brothers during the term that William Howard Taft was governor general of the Philippines, and General Chaffee was military governor of the islands. Incidentally, let me express the hope that his friendship with the next President of the United States will not make life a burden for General Chaffee, due possibly to the demands that may be made upon his time and patience in the interest of ambitious office seekers. It is a safe prediction, however, that if President Taft ever has occasion to visit Los Angeles, his entertainer-in-chief will be Adna R. Chaffee.

Impervious to Hostile Criticism

Governor Gillett has been here this week, and his reception by the rank and file Republicans has been all that I predicted. The executive was asked while here in what light he regarded certain published attacks on him down this way, and he replied that he was too busy with his official duties to pay the slightest attention to the maunderings of hostile newspapers.

Query for Penologists

One member of the governor's party, who has investigated the subject, commented upon the fact that Los Angeles, for at least two years, has sent to the penitentiary at San Quentin more women malefactors than is true of any other city in the state. There are about twenty female con-

victs in the prison and of this number about one-third are charged to this city. Half a dozen are forgers, and two were convicted of murder. Our quota in this respect has exceeded San Francisco for at least three years. Penologists, perhaps, can explain why.

They Filed Objections

Superior Judge N. P. Conrey and Senator Frank P. Flint, as well as Postmaster Motley H. Flint, were on the warpath last week because an organization, half political, and the other half, objects suspected, saw fit to use their respective names in connection with a Sunday picnic, where beer-drinking was an advertised feature. The three men named are teetotalers, and an advertisement that they were lending themselves toward a desecration of the Sabbath was exasperating, to say the least. With a political campaign at its height, the situation was a bit ticklish, but Senator Flint took the bull by the horns by writing a polite note in which he requested that his name be dropped from the list of patrons of the affair in question. Postmaster Flint was out of the city, hence he could do nothing in the matter. The incident, however, stirred up something of a breeze for a day or so.

Heard the Call of the Climate

Another illustration of the insidious effects of the Southern California virus, once it gets into the system, is given by the advent this week of William G. Hoag of Evanston, an alumnus of Northwestern, and a banker of high repute in the university town. Mr. Hoag is a brother of Dr. Ernest Hoag of Pasadena, and for several seasons in succession has been cutting out a portion of the severe winters by the shores of Lake Michigan by making flying trips to California. Now he is here to stay—the call of the climate was too strong to be resisted. Like his friend, Myron Hunt, the talented architect, also an Evanston exile, Mr. Hoag is a decided acquisition to business and social circles. He is a clear-cut, cultured man, still in the thirties, of whose kind Los Angeles cannot get too many in her progress onward and upward. Whether Mr. Hoag will resume the banking business, or embark in a new line of endeavor I cannot say, but in case he buys a block of stock in and become affiliated with any of the local banks, he will prove a powerful magnet in attracting new business to the institution fortunate enough to get him.

In the Well-Preserved Class

Although John Byrne of the Santa Fe came home with a severe cold contracted, of course, in Chicago, he is the picture of health and the recipient of many compliments on his spick-and-span condition. But one of them has elicited the ill-concealed scorn of this prince of railroad men. He was heard at the club the other day expressing himself after this manner:

"Wouldn't it jolt you to be told that you were looking 'remarkably well-preserved for a man of your years?' That was my experience this morning. A tactless individual actually undertook to flatter me by sticking me in the 'well-preserved' class! Me, a youngster, still in the forties, and not a day older in feeling than I was a decade ago. 'Well-preserved,' indeed! A regular peach pickle, I suppose."

She Forgot the Eggs

One of my suburban friends has bought a cow and his wife is telling her Friday Morning club associates of the rich milk, and cream, and butter—and eggs—which are now a part of the family's daily menu, in consequence. The absent-minded wife of another friend—the same woman who called up her husband in his office and after five minutes' talk over the telephone naively asked, "Where are you now, Frederick,"—was at a little dinner on West Adams street the other evening when she undertook to tell about the bovine acquisition of their mutual friends in the suburbs.

"Yes," she said, "the cow gives them quarts and quarts of the nicest milk and cream and all the butter they can use." Nobody smiled at this statement, whereup she hastily added, "O, yes, and eggs."

Genesis of "Grand Army Man"

I wonder how many of those who have heard and seen David Warfield in "A Grand Army Man" are cognizant of the fact that the play was originally written by Marion Short, who fifteen years ago, lived in Los Angeles, and was highly regarded here for her talents as a recitalist, in addition to her other accomplishments. She

went to New York and gave good account of herself there, not only on the Lyceum platform but along literary lines. Stories, sketches and poems followed in rapid succession from her prolific pen and then she tried play-writing, several of her efforts finding favor with theatrical managers on the New York rialto. Her "Grand Army Man," in the writing of which, I believe, Pauline Phelps collaborated, was accepted by David Belasco, who was granted permission to make such changes as his experienced mind suggested. Doubtless, Miss Short would hardly recognize the present version of her play, so many have been the interpolations and changes from the original, but the conception and plot are hers, just the same. If I am not mistaken, Miss Short is a cousin of the popular Foy sisters, whose attractive home overlooks the Arroyo Seco, and commands an unobstructed view of Pasadena.

Charley Willard's Joke

They were discussing at the exclusive Sunset club not long ago, the advisability of publishing a membership book of biographical data. Charley Willard had suggested that it would be a capital idea to issue the book every ten years, adding, with one of his inimitable touches of dry humor, "After a man had seven or eight of them on his shelves, what a privilege to be able to note the changes in each recurring decade." Whereat Harry Brook launched a vigorous haw-haw—Harry is English, you know—exclaiming, "O, but I say, you don't expect we'll last that long, do you, dear boy?"

Scoring on Harry Brook

Harry Brook, as everyone out this way knows, is the editor of the widely-read "Care-of-the-Body" department in the Sunday magazine of the Times. He is a capital raconteur, a dry wit, himself, of no mediocre ability, and the best of good fellows. It is said that he once asked Dr. Norman Bridge, also a Sunsetter, to let him know if he ever saw anything very raw—from a physician's viewpoint—slip into his column. "Raw? Harry, raw?" repeated the doctor, "why from headline to the final dash, it's the rawest stuff I ever read." Which is the way one member of the medical profession scored on "Dr." Harry, who is notorious for his baiting of the "regular" school.

Charley Willard's Brave Fight

Reference to Charley Willard reminds me that this brilliant Sunsetter is gradually gaining back his lost health at his beautiful home out on San Rafael Heights. With the best of attention, perfect surroundings, and tenderest of care, the long sickness to which he has been subjected is yielding to treatment and in another sixty days his many friends may confidently count on welcoming back to his former business haunts the able secretary of the Municipal league and Jobbers' association. I know of no better tonic for a depressed individual than half an hour in the company of Willard, whose broad outlook, logical mind and sane point of view are as refreshing as the proverbial oasis in the desert. His brave fight for restoration to health, against odds which would have floored the average man, long ago, commands my deepest admiration and I know I reflect the sincerest sentiments of countless of his friends and admirers in expressing the hope that Charley Willard soon may be "back in the game," lending his talents and energy for the advancement of Los Angeles and the general uplift of the community.

Seward Simons' Prediction

Seward A. Simons is back from a two weeks' visit in his old state, New York, and he is primed with political predictions in regard to election results November 3. He is not optimistic in regard to a Hughes' victory, but he says if Taft carries the state by 75,000, the Republican candidate for governor is likely to pull through.

Fleming a Valuable Assistant

While the grand jury is investigating certain phases of Los Angeles' underworld conditions it might not be a bad idea to secure the services of Edward J. Fleming, former assistant prosecuting attorney and the predecessor of T. H. Woolwine, as an assistant prober. Fleming is out of active politics at this time, and a member of the law firm of which Judge Hunsaker is the head. That, in itself, is a guarantee that real things would be doing were Fleming to accept

employment such as has been suggested. It is doubtful if he will be given that opportunity, as what he might uncover probably would land Fleming at the court house, as successor to District Attorney Fredericks in 1910, and that, of course, would never do.

Baseball among the Giants

There will be great times doing at Athletic Park, Boyle Heights, this afternoon, when the opposing baseball teams of the Los Angeles stock exchange and the Los Angeles-Nevada Mining stock exchange come together for a match game. The players will go to the diamond in autos and arrangements have been made for ambulances to convey them back to the city. The boosters and rooters will be the bulls and bears from the two exchanges. The line up for the Los Angeles-Nevada mining stock exchange is as follows:

"Baby Florence" Herron (F. L.) catcher; "Sandstorm" McCoy (E. J.) catcher; "Consolidated Mines" Gordon (T. G.), pitcher; "Leon Gold" Strader (M.), pitcher; "California Hills" Tychsen (T. C.), pitcher; "Round Mountain" Eaton (W. P.), pitcher; "Great Bend" Woollacott (A. H.), first base; "Daisy" Heber (G. E.), second base; "Bonnie Clare" Rule (F. K.), third base; "Johnnie Consolidated" Johnson (T. A.), shortstop; "Blue Bull" Bottsford (F. L.), left field; "Red Top" Mitchell (H. H.), center field; "Yellow Tiger" Hatch (W. A.), right field;

It will be noted from the above that no chances are to be taken of a breakdown by any player—plenty of substitutes are provided. The material for the Los Angeles stock exchange team is as follows:

"Los Angeles Athletic Club" Dunbar, "Bond House" Robinson; "Authentic Report" Blankenhorn, "Edison Electric" McGilvray, "Home Savings" Traylor, "Home Telephone" Marble, "Los Angeles Harbor" Stilson, "Los Angeles Investment" Dickinson, "Riverside Home" Burbridge, "Merchants Trust" Campbell, "Clark Copper" Blagge, "Not-for-pop" Ellis, "Put-and-call" Woolner, "Associated Oil" Waggy, "Union Oil" Martin.

Home Run for Stilson Predicted

These giants of the diamond field will draw for positions, but I am privately informed that if Fielding-Los Angeles-Harbor-Stilson is cast for catcher, he will make a swift home run for Kensington road, rather than serve. All, however, claim to be experts as pitchers, and each wants a first base all to himself. Umpires are "C.O.D." Miles (H. W.), caller of the Los Angeles-Nevada Mining stock exchange, and "Grandma" Parsons (L. F.), caller of the Los Angeles stock exchange. "Lige Harris" Jones (J. M.) of the Los Angeles-Nevada exchange will be mascot for that team. "Lucky Bill" Cline (William) will be its manager, and "Combination Fraction" Foreman (G. W.) will be manager of transportation. Dr. Ernest Bryant has promised to be within call in case of emergencies arising.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

It may be that San Franciscans at present are so absorbed in their own problems and affairs that they have little time or thought for national politics, but certain it is that the campaign here—to quote an ornate expression of Sam Shortridge—is "deficient in demonstrative enthusiasm." Campaign oratory seems to have gone out of fashion, and there has been small demand upon the Republican state central committee for speakers. The few political meetings held here have been slimly attended, excepting Hearst's, when "human interest" and the prospect of a row were the attractions. This week the "Independence party's Pacific coast labor flying wedge" has been attempting to enliven the streets of the burned district at night with chunks of oratory, but without any signal success. The star "wedgers" are Z. W. Craig, the San Pedro longshoreman, and Edward Rainey, formerly the Examiner's correspondent at Santa Barbara.

Nevertheless, despite the conspicuous lack of interest in the campaign—so far as national issues are concerned—there is nothing but the easiest confidence at the headquarters of the Republican state central committee. Gen. George Stone, chairman of the campaign committee, predicts that Taft and Sherman will carry California by at least 50,000, and that there will be no break in the congressional delegation.

Archbishop Riordan's episcopal jubilee was celebrated not only with impressive ceremonial, but with a remarkable degree of popular inter-

est. The local newspapers devoted pages to the event, and congratulations came from such varied sources as Gov. Gillett, Bishop Nichols of the Episcopal church and Isaiahs W. Hellman. Two features of the celebration of special interest to Los Angeles were Bishop Conaty's eloquent sermon, and the touching tribute paid by the archbishop to his late coadjutor, Archbishop Montgomery. Bishop Conaty's sermon, the subject of which was the apostolicity of the Catholic episcopate, fully bore out his reputation of being one of the most forceful and eloquent divines in America. At the reception, after the pontifical mass, Archbishop Riordan expressed his gratitude to Bishop Conaty "for his magnificent and inspiring sermon." With intense emotion the prelate also spoke of the late Archbishop Montgomery, so universally loved and honored in Los Angeles. George Montgomery for eleven years had been Archbishop Riordan's secretary and chancellor, "then for many years fulfilled the laborious and responsible position of bishop of the lower diocese, and who, at my request returned to his first home to labor with me." "He was," said the archbishop, "a model priest and a model bishop, and among men one of the noblest, truest and the best."

You can hardly walk half a block in any business district in San Francisco without observing, in plain view from the sidewalk, victims of the nickel-in-the-slot fever indulging their craving at the cigar stands. The percentage of smokers in this city who buy their cigars "outright" must be very small indeed. But the most menacing feature of the device is that the machine has been used generally for undisguised gambling. There is, of course, a law which prohibits the use of these machines, except for trade only. In most of the sidewalk establishments, however, the winner can take checks instead of merchandise and these checks he can redeem for cash, which in the usual run finds its way once more into the machine. Nickel-in-the-slot gambling has grown so flagrant that the chief of police, after finding numerous raids ineffective because of the difficulty of securing evidence, has suggested an ordinance prohibiting the issuing of checks. Moreover—and here is the humorous feature of the proposed ordinance—the supervisors are asked to adopt a legalized schedule of prizes to be paid on winning hands. Chief Biggy, in the hope of putting "crooked" machines out of business and sanctioning only those that respond to the idea of "legitimate" sellers, wants the supervisors to ordain that a pair of kings or aces draws one cigar, a flush, eight cigars, etc. Of course all legislation to regulate such an "industry" will prove practically futile. A nickel-in-the-slot machine is a gambling device and cannot be twisted by regulation into anything else. If you have these machines of any kind, you are certain to have gambling of some kind.

Captain Fredericks, who seems to be in need of some distraction these days, should emulate the example of his brother, Dr. Fredericks, now of Oakland, and learn to play golf. The doctor is one of the best golfers in the country and several years ago won his way into the semi-finals of the national amateur championship. By the way, Professor Carl Plehn, who certainly could not be recognized from his alleged portrait on the first page of last Monday's Times and who is mainly responsible for the much debated state constitutional amendment No. 1, endeavors to forget the problems of taxation on the golf links, while among other explorers of the hazards of the Claremont Country club is Professor Charles Mills Gayley, the eminent litterateur.

San Francisco has discovered her most fortunate citizen. Among the many hundred tale-men who have been examined unsuccessfully for jury service in the Ruef trial was unearthed last Tuesday; Charles H. Herrington, who swore that he had never read four lines about graft in San Francisco. And Mr. Herrington was not blind and was able to read!

It appears that the beautiful Hotel Del Monte is destined to pass out of existence, at least as a public resort. An English syndicate, represented by De Putron Glidden, well-known in Los Angeles, has been negotiating for its purchase, but for some time the Pacific Improvement company, the owner of the property, has been endeavoring to dispose of it to the United States government for use as a hospital for soldiers and sailors.

San Francisco, October 2.

R. H. C.

A NATIVE SON

By Samuel Travers Clover

I. Casa de las Flores.

It was certainly provoking! The coast train from San Francisco was two hours late, so the bulletin board at the Arcade station informed an interesting public, of which Barbara Morton was a much concerned part this glorious June morning.

"Miss" Barbara, she was to the young ladies of the Casa de las Flores, the educational center of Los Angeles' select circles, at which abode of culture Barbara Morton, of the Tydvale-Mortons of Philadelphia, was the supreme inspiration.

To be a day scholar at the Casa de las Flores was evidence enough of the social standing of the parents of their fortunate daughter; to be a resident, communicant at this intellectual shrine was a sure indication of the wealth and impeccable reputation of the progenitors of the young person whose expenses—there were no bills at the Casa de las Flores—they were permitted to meet.

For not only did Miss Barbara pass upon the physical deportment of a prospective pupil, before admission to companionship with her carefully guarded flock was allowed, but the elders were secretly inspected by her mental lorgnette and only where no social or commercial blemishes appeared to mar the forbears of the anxious applicant, was the latter received into young sisterhood.

Casa de las Flores was a two-story building of the mission style of architecture, occupying a slightly corner in the center of the "best" residence district of Southern California's metropolis. All the recitation rooms opened on to the patio, in the center of which delightful court stood a fountain, a miniature replica of the one built by the padres of blessed memory at the old San Fernando Mission a score of miles up the valley.

About its circular base was a close-fitting mantle of English ivy. Nasturtiums rioted in orderly disorder among the stately callas, whose pure whiteness was emblematic of the place, and at the same time proved a constant feast for the bright eyes of the young ladies in classes, to whose ears was borne incessantly the murmur of falling water as it flowed gently over the urn's rim into the basin below.

Flowers luxuriated everywhere at the Casa de la Young Buds, in which mildly jocular fashion the portly, but handsome Bishop Jackson permitted himself to allude to Miss Barbara's tender blossoms when, at the recent commencement exercises, he had made sixteen palpitating graduates happy by delivering to each a beautifully-lettered diploma deftly bound by the dearest of baby blue ribbon.

Casa de las Flores' crown of glory, exteriorly, was a magnificent rose bush of the gold of Ophir variety, which luxuriated at the entrance to this bower of innocence and culture. Its opulent treasures, reserved for March and April, were the delight of transient tourists who made pilgrimages to Miss Barbara's cloister, the fame of whose roses was heralded in every hotel and apartment-house in Los Angeles. Fortunately for the inmates they were not disturbed by these admiring visitors whose curious gaze could not penetrate to the patio, that holy of holies of Casa de las Flores.

Miss Barbara herself was eminently fitted to preside over this home of social and cultural preferment. At Bryn Mawr she had been a constant joy to her teachers and the professors, as well for her finely-poised mind as for her many graces of manner. While a trifle below medium height no one ever thought of her as lacking in stature, and although her rather classical face was slightly suggestive of the Minerva type of blue-stocking, her adorable smile, when she permitted her features to relax, made eligible bachelors of her acquaintance experience a keen desire to forswear their single blessedness, providing she were to be their hearth angel.

But Miss Barbara's glorious brown eyes never yet had grown liquid with thoughts of a diviner passion than she entertained for her beautiful roses and the subtle-smelling jasmine that

climbed endearingly to her chamber window. For menfolk generally she had a good-natured tolerance, regarding them mainly as necessary appendages to the social order because of their ability to sign the checks that made possible the financial success of her establishment. As for relinquishing her reign at Casa de las Flores to become the mistress of a home where man was supreme, that was too absurd for serious consideration.

It was Mrs. Morton's cough that had given Los Angeles Casa de las Flores, and, incidentally, included its charming principal as a resident. Barbara was devoted to her delicate little mother whose income, left by a provident husband, had been augmented by the good investments suggested by her brother, Merton Tydvale, the well-known corporation lawyer.

When Barbara first suggested Southern California her maternal uncle had scoffed at the idea of so wide a separation, but after a winter at Pasadena he was reconciled to the thought and readily acquiesced in the select-school-for-young-ladies' plan which his favorite niece advocated. It was he who accompanied them across the continent, who advised the purchase of the house and who stayed on the coast long enough to see Barbara's school fairly started. His confidence in her intellectual abilities was great; in addition, she had, as he reflected, the sound business sense bequeathed by her lamented father.

That migration from her beloved Philadelphia occurred when Barbara was twenty-five. She was not allowed to leave without having the opportunity of declining two well-bred offers of home and heart; one from the assistant professor of English at Bryn Mawr, the other from her uncle's partner, an attorney of great forensic ability even in that center of legal talent, Philadelphia. But Barbara's heart was not for either, nor yet was her inclination, and her face was turned coastwise without a single regret of a lasting nature.

Casa de las Flores had been a success from the outset. There was enough of wealth and culture in the City of Angels to appreciate the advent of one so intellectual in the best sense as was Barbara Morton and as the school grew her assistants were chosen with that rare good judgment characteristic of the principal. At the close of its seventh year of scholastic existence the institution was accounted one of the most stable educational establishments of Southern California, as it was the most exclusive.

When she was twenty-two Barbara had visited the art centers of Europe in company with two of the cleverest amateur painters of Philadelphia. A good theoretical knowledge of art, gained from discriminative reading and a study of the best canvasses hung in New York and her home city, had amply prepared her for this treat. The six months passed abroad in such intelligent company as her two women friends afforded was an educational advantage that well repaid the expense incurred. Even her Uncle Morton concurred in this view.

It had been Barbara's dream to repeat that experience, but ten years had elapsed and the opportunity had not presented itself. This year, however, was to see the fruition of her hopes. Colonel Prescott, chief owner of one of the richest copper mines in Arizona, whose twin daughters for three years had been imbibing intellectual and social graces at the Casa de las Flores, had suggested a trip abroad for them, Barbara to act as chaperon. Incidentally, he expected to devote the summer to his new wife who would make a home for his motherless daughters on their return in the fall.

With the Prescott twins as a nucleus Barbara had conceived the idea of conducting six of her girls along the paths she had trod a decade earlier. In the graduating class addressed by the bishop it was easy to make a selection, for the project was hardly announced when it was warmly espoused by the parents to whom she unfolded her plan. In fact, the chief difficulty was to keep the party within the bounds desired.

Among the lucky number was the eighteen-year-old daughter of a big rancher in the Santa Clara Valley. Francis Peabody had been a favorite pupil of the Casa de las Flores, and one of its first graduates. It was at her earnest request that a younger sister, Margery, had been invited to become a member of the party. Up to that time her rather delicate health had kept her near at home and so deprived her of the advantages her older sister had enjoyed.

It was to meet this young protegee that Barbara had suspended trunk-packing preliminaries, trials of patience with tiresome dressmakers and other discomposing, but necessary preparations

for a flight across the American continent and an invasion of European capitals.

II. Two Admirers of Emerson

Apology is due to Miss Barbara for this explanatory wait, but inasmuch as the train is holding action two hours, how better to utilize the time than by forming the acquaintance of so important a personage as the mistress and genius of Casa de las Flores?

Realizing that it would be futile to journey back to her cloister to pass the interval pending the arrival of the Coast Express, Barbara sought a well-lighted corner of the waiting room and taking from her silk bag a pocket edition of Emerson's essays, settled herself for an undisturbed hour with her favorite author. Her "settling" consisted of tucking her left foot under her dress and sitting on it, a girlish habit, long persisted in, that was successfully accomplished after a furtive glance around the room.

Barbara's was not a masculine mind; no woman was more feminine in her ways than this attractive bachelor of arts and doctor of philosophy, whose big brown eyes now traversed the printed lines telling of the uses of great men. Barbara was a hero worshipper at heart and although no modern Sir Galahad had stirred her pulses she loved to have mental companionship with the demigods of art and literature. She agreed with the Concord master that life is sweet and tolerable because of one's belief in the society of great men. On the walls and mantels of Casa de las Flores, above stairs and below, were busts and portraits of the intellectual giants who have enriched the world, from Plato to Emerson, and if there were more effigies and counterpart presentments of the latter to be seen, than other of earth's genuises, was she not a good American?

In view of the projected incursion into Old World treasure-houses it fitted her mood to read that "the search after the great is the dream of youth, and the most serious occupation of manhood. We travel," wrote the essayist, "into foreign parts to find his work; if possible, to get a glimpse of him."

At this point Barbara lost consciousness of the crowd passing and repassing; of crying babies, of careworn mothers, of timid travelers, of bold-eyed drummers, of tooting engines, of the monotonous calls of the station barker notifying passengers of arrival and departure of trains. All, all was as a hazy dream as she took hold "on the poles of the earth," and even as her beloved sage was liberated in mind by that gentle soul whose conversation in a convention of philanthropists kept his eyes off the clock, so Barbara was rendered temporarily immortal by apprehending her possession of incorruptible goods. As a result the flight of time was unnoticed.

She returned to earth with a start. A man's voice nearby, whose modulations pleasantly appealed to her senses, was saying to a slim, delicate-looking girl, wearing a light-gray traveling dress,

"You are sure Miss Morton was to meet you?"

"O, yes; she telegraphed Francis not to worry, she would be at the station."

"Then perhaps you would better stay here. She probably does not know the train made up thirty minutes of the delay at San Luis Obispo. Let me put your suit case in that corner and we'll wait for this wonderful spinster to appear."

[To be Continued]

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ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE

E. V. Lucas' *Delicious and Literary "Over Bemerton's"*—"British Highways and Byways From a Motor Car"—"The Silver Butterfly"—*Magazine and Book Notes.*

E. V. Lucas calls his latest story, "Over Bemerton's; An Easy-going Chronicle," and the sub-title is as much an inspiration as the tale itself. For in these hustling times what adjective presents so many charming suggestions as "easy-going?" Add to this quality, a mind saturated with literature, not only the riches, but the foibles of literature; a humor as quaint as Charles Lamb's, as whimsical as Crother's and an understanding of society as keen as Shaw's without his malice—and you have a work of varied delights.

There is story enough. Kent Falconer, an English bachelor of fifty-five, returns to London after an exile of thirty years in Buenos Ayres. His one point of attachment is his step-sister's family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Wynne, Naomi, Drusilla, Lionel, and Frank. They are all grown up. Naomi, twenty-nine, the quiet head of the house, inclined to charity as a serious occupation, secures London for suitable rooms for him and the opening chapter establishes him in comfortable quarters over a second-hand bookshop—"Over Bemerton's," in fact, and he resumes his life from this vantage ground, dropping into place in this family circle and mingling with all sorts of interesting people and books. The books are quite as much a part of the story as the people.

In the thirty years of Falconer's absence the world has made strides, all of which strike his fancy—from the new fashions in flowers to the new attitude of parents toward their children. Drusilla is an art student and suffragette; all her men friends wear long hair and flowing collars and "like drawing to be ugly and poetry to be Irish." She wears a badge, bearing the words "Defiance, not Defence" and is a very pretty young firebrand of the most advanced type. Her arrest and incarceration as one of the band that made difficulties in Downing street, is a delicious bit of truth and humor.

Mr. Dabney, a man "with prematurely gray hair, a slightly discontented expression, and a sensitive, critical mouth," edits a most unworldly journal which admits no advertising and is a protest against the ever-increasing worship of success to which he sees England devoting herself. He is one of those "eloquent and clear-sighted men who must be in revolt to be articulate and well directed." There is Mrs. Duckie, the landlady; Mr. Duckie, her husband, head waiter at a time-honored restaurant; Miss Gold, a "shut-in" whom he had almost loved in his youth when she was a dashing girl. A fall from her horse crippled her for life and she lies looking at the world, and dispensing good from her couch.

Trist, his hero at twenty-one, is now a man who "makes a point of never belonging wholly to any type." His aim is always to be "original somewhere, although never original enough to be conspicuous." He has evolved some working principles "with which he would in his Chesterfieldian manner, instruct his son, if he had anything so ridiculous." "The art of life," says Trist, "is to say the same things to everybody. To differentiate one's treatment of people may be interesting, but it leads to complications." Again, "The art of life is to keep down acquaintances. One's friends one can manage, but one's acquaintances can be the devil." Still another: "The art of life is to show your hand. There is no diplomacy like candor."

Then there are Bemerton and his woman clerk; Azure Verity, an actress; Alf Pinto, a concert hall singer; Mrs. Wynne the autocratic grandmother who has so "capricious a memory that while remembering clearly incidents of the dim past, she is often unaware that she is saying now what she said with equal solemnity five

minutes earlier." The temptation to quote from every page is almost irresistible but there would be no place to stop. It is a story to be taken whole.

"Over Bemerton's" is a book of charming humor, it has literary quality of a high order and expresses all the zest for life and taste for books which a literary enthusiast feels. One of the most entertaining bits is "a Chinese Biographical Dictionary" by Herbert A. Giles, London and Shanghai, 1898, from which Mr. Lucas quotes freely and always to illuminate irresistibly some human quality. The book-lover, the man who loves life and his kind, the man with a sense of humor, the man who feels an artist's joy in a finished production will thank Mr. Lucas for "Over Bemerton's." It is the rare book that of necessity can only happen now and then. ("Over Bemerton's." By E. V. Lucas. The Macmillan Company.) M. H. C.

Great Britain From a Motor Car

Although Thos. D. Murphy in a foreword, disclaims any intention of furnishing a guide book to tourists, in "British Highways and Byways From a Motor Car," it is difficult to see how any book of its kind could be more complete or more charming. He chronicles a journey of five thousand miles through England, Scotland and Wales. As railroads do not follow lines of beauty, much of Mr. Murphy's touring was off the beaten track of travel and all Britain of romance and history is touched in this summer outing. The roads with one exception are excellent, there are complete maps of the country, including grades and the Motor Union of Great Britain provides full information upon all points interesting to motorists.

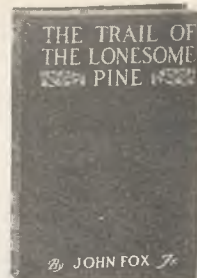
So much for the routine of motoring; but this is the least of the value of Mr. Murphy's record. Beginning with London and the better-known points of interest in its immediate environs, he touches upon the facts which make the inns and byways as well as castles, towers and churches, places of intimate delights.

Chigwell, made known to fame by Dickens and described by him as the greatest spot in the world, is the scene of "Barnaby Rudge" and the delicious old inn is still standing. The road from Chigwell to London is rich in historical association. It includes Epping Forest, and by leaving the main road Waltham Abbey is reached. A portion of this old church is still used for services, although it dates back to 1060 and Harold the Saxon king, who founded it. He was afterward defeated by William the Conqueror and tradition says that his mother buried his body a short distance to the east of Waltham church.

Near the town is one of the crosses erected by Edward I, to mark the place where rested the remains of Eleanor of Castile on the funeral journey from Lincoln to Westminster. Not far off Alfred the Great defeated the Danes and left their vessels stranded in a marsh.

Then there is Monken Hadley, associated with Thackeray, whose father was vicar for several years of Hadley church. This church, by the way, has a duplicate in New York, having been copied, and one of its stained glass windows presented to the newer edifice. The originals of Col. Newcome and Becky Sharp are said to have been found in this village. Not far off is the village of Whitechurch, where Handel composed "The Harmonious Blacksmith," while organist in the little church. The writer also tells what roads were crowded and how much time lost thereby on these little jaunts about London—facts of vital interest to the motorist.

Another day was passed on the Old Kent road, which leads to Canterbury and is the route pursued by the pilgrims of Chaucer. Ten miles out is Greenwich, and Woolwich, also Dartford, where fool's-cap paper takes its name from the crest of the founder of the paper factory there, and whose tomb is to be seen in Dartford church. Canterbury is one of the most delightful spots in England, historically. Three great landings, were made near by, "that of Hengist and Horsa, which gave us our English forefathers and character; that of the great Julius Caesar, which revealed to us the civilized



The Trail of The Lonesome Pine

By JOHN FOX, JR.

In this, his greatest story, Mr. Fox rises to a power of description, to an expression of dramatic force and profound feeling, that makes a novel which exceeds in strength and beauty even "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

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world and that of St. Augustine which gave us our Latin christianity," writes Dean Stanley.

The return to London was through Maidstone, one of the most delightful roads in England. Mr. Murphy leaves nothing unnoted. The views, the trees, the wild flowers, all the carefully cared for carelessness of the English lanes, the people and the weather, are told about in a delightful, easy style that has no hint of official information. For the most part, he avoids the cities, keeping to the peace and sweetness of the byways, but nothing historically or esthetically interesting is overlooked.

His tour leads from London to Land's End, passing Winchester, the capitol of the Saxon kings. At Twyford, only three miles away, Benjamin Franklin wrote his autobiography, while a guest of Dr. Shipley, vicar of St. Asaph. At Salisbury is Stonehenge—place of mystery. From Cornwall to South Wales, to Chester, to "the hielands" to Edinburgh, to Yorkshire and finally back to London. Ten weeks of traveling, which to Americans, especially, would be full of a keen enjoyment.

Besides the rare text, the book is illustrated by water-color plates reproduced from original paintings by prominent artists, many of the pictures having been exhibited in the London Royal Academy; and further by thirty-two duogravures of architectural points of interest, reproduced from the finest English photographs obtainable. If you are contemplating a tour, this book will be indispensable with its suggestions of what to see; if you are not—it is as full of pleasantly related information of the unstereotyped kind as any like number of pages could well be. ("British Highways and Byways From a Motor Car." By Thos. D. Murphy. L. C. Page & Company.)

"The Silver Butterfly"

For an idle hour's amusement, "The Silver Butterfly," by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow will be found eminently suitable. With just enough complexity to keep up a languid interest in the plot, there is a soothing lack of intellectual effort required to follow its mystery. A lost mine is the excuse for all that occurs. Robert Hayden, a young man of irreproachable family, is hunting for the owners of "The Veiled Mariposa" and his search is confined to a circle of smart society folk, so there is a soft background of subdued lights, tea tables, dinners, bridge and many pretty women, foremost of all being the fairy princess, the lady of the butterflies. Also, there is Ydo, the veiled fortune teller, who is mixed up in the affair of the lost mine and flutters through the pages like a tropical bird of brilliant plumage. There is rather a large amount of padding in the story and a vast deal of chatter, but on the whole it is a light, amusing tale sufficiently well written. ("The Silver Butterfly." By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. Bobbs-Merrill company.)

Magazine and Book Notes

Out West for October opens with Charles F. Lummis' third paper on "The Artists' Paradise," embellished

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Please mention THE GRAPHIC

THOMAS B. MOSHER
PORTLAND, MAINE

with numerous full-page halftone reproductions of photographs by the author. J. Torrey Connor continues his observations under "A Red Parasol in Mexico." Raymond A. McConnell contributes an interesting sketch of "Miss Drury—Irish Agent." Short stories are by Charlton L. Edholm and R. C. Pitzer, that is, presumably he wrote "The Sphinx of the Hills," although the "contents" credits it to Mr. McConnell, but as his consideration of "Miss Drury" is omitted from the index, doubtless the mix-up was unintentional. The Lion does not roar in this number; perhaps his den is closed for repairs.

November Craftsman is a capital number. From the article on "Borderland Art" by Katherine Metcalf Roof, to the Book Notes department, the magazine is full of varied interest. Gardner Teall writes appreciatively—he is an artist himself—of "Our Western Painters," more particularly of what the Chicago contingent is doing; he wisely refrains from attempting to individualize the work of the art colony there; eight full-page stunning reproductions of distinctive canvasses are shown. "A Bank for Farmers," designed by Louis Sullivan, who built the Chicago Auditorium and considered by Carl K. Bennett, will attract the banking fraternity everywhere, as numerous pictures accompany the text. Of especial interest to Los Angelans is a description of Henry O'Melveny's summer house in the San Gabriel canyon, about which Helen Lukens Gaut writes entertainingly. Half a dozen excellent halftones serve to heighten the interest. That heart of oak, old Ben Lee, the bo'sun of the O'Melveny camp, comes in for a well-deserved tribute.

Writing to the editor of The Graphic from Chicago, Arthur J. Eddy, author of Ganton & Co., recently reviewed in these columns, says that the book is meeting with considerable favor, more than he had reason to expect. "I wrote it as a labor of love, rather than with the expectation of profit," says Mr. Eddy. The Shuberts have secured the dramatic rights to the book, and Pasadena is not likely to see Mr. Eddy much before the New Year.

Helen Elliott Bandini of Pasadena is the author of a new and condensed "History of California," which will be considered in these columns next week. It is not a large volume, but much of the material is new. Mrs. Bandini, through her connection with Southern California's old Spanish families, having had access to many original and scarce papers in the preparation of her work.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

By Blanche Rogers Lott

In a recent number of the New Music Review is an article on "Choral Tone: Some Suggestions," by Ernest Newman, an acknowledged English authority. It contains a far-reaching and concise history of the development of vocal and instrumental music. There is too much to it even to suggest its many fine points. The gist of the article is that a change is needed in the composition and production of choral works—that the present tendency is too much toward massiveness, weight, even clumsiness of tone. He advocates the division of large choral bodies into semi-choruses for light effects. To quote one point:

"If it is absurd to play a Chopin nocturne on ten trombones, it is equally absurd to allow a choral phrase that is as delicate as a butterfly to be turned into a hippopotamus by giving it two, three or four hundred singers. It is like having to use either the whole orchestra or the violins alone, with no choice of anything between. While this is the state of affairs at our large choral concerts and festivals, where the main object is organ-like solidity and grandeur of tone, smaller madrigal choirs have learned that other and subtler kinds of choral effect are possible."

In mentioning this article, a great authority like Krehbiel writes:

"We would go farther than Mr. Newman. We believe that Bach's B Minor Mass and the Finale of Beethoven's Ninth symphony should be sung by a body of picked singers, rather than by a huge chorus that reminds one of Ruskin's lines: 'The irregular roar and hum of multitudinous mediocrity.' It might also be said that the orchestra in the performance of oratorios and cantatas is almost always too small. A fine chorus of 75 to 100 picked singers can easily stand an orchestra of from 90 to 125 players."

This leads to just what this column has been trying to exploit; the organization, not of a huge chorus of several hundred voices, but of a chorus of picked voices, professionals and all the amateurs who stand as musicians and singers. Will not professional singers meet with the board of directors of the Symphony orchestra and Mr. Hamilton and see what can be evolved?

Best wishes of the musical fraternity go with Blanche Donnell, the soprano, who departs for South Africa to marry Mr. Knecht, one of a Los Angeles family, who has always been interested in musical affairs. Miss Donnell has passed years in study and will have opportunity in her new home to put her voice to good use, for there is more music in South Africa than one might at first think. English artists consider that country a part of their concert field, as much so as Australia. Mark Hambourg and his brothers Jan and Boris, violinist and cellist, made a tour covering eighteen cities in South Africa last season and at a recent festival there was a chorus of 450 voices.

Arthur Hartmann, who opens the Philharmonic course, November 27, played at the first concert of the New York Philharmonic orchestra November 13 with great success. Hartmann's name always brings to mind MacDowell's "Wild Rose," which he has so exquisitely arranged for violin, and of which Los Angeles audiences were so fond on his last visit. With him this season is a young American pianist, Alfred Calzin, who has played all over Germany with great success. We heard him play three concerts in one evening last winter, the Sinding, Tchaikowsky and Brahms, a tremendous feat musically, physically, and mentally.

Everyone will be delighted to hear that Adela Verne is to play at Simpson auditorium early in December with the Woman's orchestra. Miss Verne will play two numbers with the orchestra and three alone; the orchestra will also give three numbers. The organization numbers fifty-five players this season

and with the impetus of playing with an artist like Miss Verne the members are working hard under the careful guidance of Harley Hamilton.

Hugo Kirchhefer, a singer possessed with a good tenor voice is a recent arrival.

Mrs. Jenny Kempton, the prominent voice teacher, has returned from an extensive visit in the East.

The incidental music written by Coleridge-Taylor for Beerbohm Tree's recent performance of "Faust" in London, is said by critics to be the best writing he has yet done. Many Americans do not know that Coleridge-Taylor is a mulatto; however, he is one of England's greatest musicians and an educated gentleman.

A trio for violin, 'cello and piano, Op. 59 by Riccardo Lucchesi, who recently came from Boston to teach in Heinrich Von Stein's academy, is to be given in the Nowland-Hunter series of concerts. He has written many other compositions of merit, one of which Mr. Hamilton will include on one of the symphony programs.

San Gabriel festival week in aid of the historic old mission will close tomorrow afternoon with a sacred concert at 3 o'clock by the choir of the Cathedral of St. Vibiana. Portions of Gounod's popular "St. Cecilia" mass will be sung by the chorus, and solos by members of the choir and others will be contributed to the program.

The first Ellis club concert will be given at Simpson auditorium November 10. Miss Chevier is the assisting soloist.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Collier who have been studying voice and piano in London for nearly a year, sailed from Naples October 8, for Boston, so it will not be long before they return to Los Angeles.

It is interesting to note that the Pittsburg exposition, which closed last week, spent forty thousand dollars for good music. That it was of the best is shown by the participants: Thomas orchestra, Sousa's band, Russian Symphony orchestra, Pryor band, Bostonia Women's orchestra, Creatore band, and the Damrosch orchestra.

Ernest Douglass, organist of St. Paul's pro-cathedral, gave an organ recital Wednesday evening which we were sorry not to hear. The well-arranged program consisted of works by Guilmant, Bach, Handel, Douglass, Reinberger, Widor, Wolstenholme, and Rossini. Two members of the boy choir, Masters Brunger and Perkins, assisted.

Mary L. O'Donoghue will play in San Diego October 28, with Mr. Haroldi, violinist. They give a program for the Amphion club.

B. Bierlich, the cellist, has returned from a visit to Germany. He took time for extensive travels in England and Italy.

The Misses Passmore, violinist, pianist, and 'cellist, of San Francisco, have been south filling two engagements at Claremont college and one at Santa Barbara. They were heard by several prominent musicians at two affairs, given in their honor by Mrs. Jones-Simmons and Mr. Bacon. It is not surprising to us that these young women astonished musical Berlin by their fine playing, for first and foremost, their ensemble is perfect, and next, each one is a thoroughly well-equipped performer. Nothing could possibly be more artistic than an appearance of this trio with the Ellis club. Aside from their beautiful playing, think of the stunning setting of 60 handsome "Ellis Clubites" for three fine-looking girls.

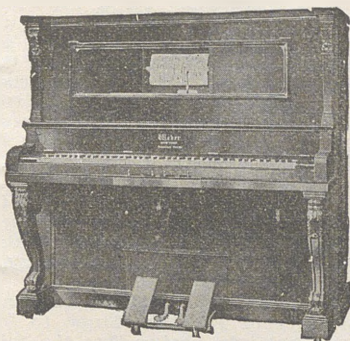
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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

AT THE LOCAL THEATERS

By George A. Dobinson

"Leah Kleschna" appears to have been written for the purpose of exploiting its author's ideas upon criminology and particularly for ventilating his views upon the prevention of crime. There is sufficient melodramatic incident incorporated, however, to keep the audience awake, so that they may endure the didactic preachments that are scattered through the dialogue. The opinion may be ventured here that had not the play been taken up originally by Mrs. Fiske, and backed by her personal popularity and clever acting, it would not have been heard of today.

Presentation of it under John H. Blackwood's management at the Auditorium this week is singularly clever. Florence Oakley, of course, has to bear the burden of the performance in assuming the name part which has been associated with that of Mrs. Fiske. It is sufficient to say here that Miss Oakley interprets the character in a way that gives great satisfaction, as well as promise of greater things to be expected from her, and that soon. She has developed a power of emotional control that would do credit to many older and more experienced actresses, and this fact, allied with her evident temperamental fitness for serious work, is an encouraging sign for the future. She has to suffer no rivalry in sex in this play, for the remainder of the women's parts is carefully subordinated to a shadowy existence. May Ridgeway has a brief scene, in which she accomplishes more by clever pantomime than by the few lines allotted to her part.

Mr. Stone gives a strong impression of individuality to the character of Paul Sylvaine, although even he cannot impart consistency to the feeble and strained theatrical situation which brings the performance to an unsatisfactory close. Howard Scott does some of his best work as Raoul Berton, the dissipated and unworthy scion of a proud race. Kleschna in the hands of Mr. Farren is almost satisfactory, and would be entirely so if the iron will of the character were allowed to govern his utterances more effectively. Schram, his pal, by Mr. Southard, is allowed to exaggerate its feebleness, so that the pair become reminiscent of that famous thieving duo in the comic opera of "Erminie." But Mr. Southard is best fitted for character work, and should be steadfastly led to avoid the juvenile straight roles in which he can only use his boy soprano tones.

One wonderful oversight is that of allowing two of the characters, Valentine and Baptiste, both Frenchmen, to talk in dialect to their own countrymen. No English people are among the characters, who are for the most part French, and living on French soil. Every one talks pure English to indicate for the benefit of an English-speaking audience, that they are entirely sane. Into this circle bursts a little jackanapes of an alleged French journalist, who gives an imitation of the monkeyfied stage Frenchman so dear to tradition—and this is permitted to occur every night. Even the Austrian peasants in the last act very properly talk straight English, although the old woman remarks that their dialect is so bad it would not be understood by their neighbors. Managerial insensibility to reason and common sense upon this point appears to spread impartially throughout the profession. Tradition is the stage manager's idol, before which he bows down with unquestioning blind obedience.

Florence Stone at the Burbank

Romantic plays always find admirers because they, in a measure, satisfy the craving of the theater-goer for the unusual, the wonderful and the startling. Admiration holds an audience tense while it watches the unequal fight of a hero against great odds, and smiles approvingly upon the union of two hearts that have been beating as one ever since the first act began. If such plays were ever seriously considered, more than pertains to their function in providing harmless entertainment, the

conscientious reviewer would have a hard time of it.

As it is, it is taken for granted that a romantic play is not written for the purpose of teaching historical facts, and that the noted personages introduced may be caricatured by the performers at their own sweet will. When it comes to accuracy, the stage manager may not know as much as the actor, and it is blandly assumed that the audience knows less than either. In any event, the aim is that of entertainment, and that has been generally successfully accomplished in the long vogue of these fanciful distorters of historical facts. Charles Majors is responsible for a considerable portion of the latter-day popularity of a swashbuckling hero. Following, at a respectful distance, in the footsteps of Scott, Dumas and other masters of romance, he has evolved with apparent ease some of the most absurd and yet amusing travesties of Elizabethan history and manners that have yet been permitted to see the light. "When Knighthood Was in Flower" is one of these productions, and "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" being played this week at the Burbank theater is another.

Mr. Morosco is fortunate in securing the services of Florence Stone to fill the principal role, seeing that the fair Dorothy has to carry the weight of the action through four fairly tempestuous acts. Miss Stone is so identified with the character that by comparison, the artistic charm of Edythe Chapman and the statuesque beauty of Mary Van Buren are both forgotten for the time. Miss Stone has a charm all her own and portrays the inconsistencies and willfulness of Dorothy in a captivating way that is founded upon her sincere and direct methods. In fine, she keeps the woman more than the actress, before her audience all the time. Elsie Esmond gives a remarkably dignified and fascinating Mary, Queen of Scots, and Henry Stockbridge does one of the best pieces of work to his credit in this company as Perkin the jester, the character that he played when the piece was last given on this stage, and has now improved by the addition of finishing touches. The remainder of the large cast is filled acceptably though not without some such exception as might be looked for in a play of this kind. The engagement of Florence Stone is bound to prove one of the greatest successes that the Burbank theater has achieved.

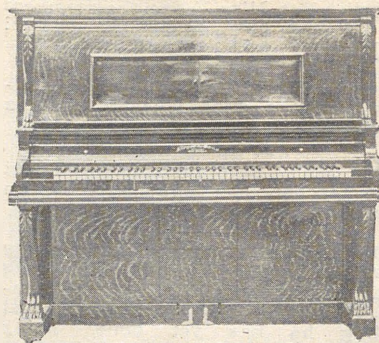
Excellent Bill at Orpheum

Seldom, indeed, does a vaudeville audience render any performer the tribute of tears, but the Ushers succeed in stirring the Orpheum patrons to that extent. Perhaps their little skit would not stand critical analysis, nevertheless, beneath its slang and at times doubtful humor it has a tremulous note of pathos that makes it exceedingly human. Fanny Usher gives an appealing portrait of little Patsy Swift and spicy is the remainder of the program. The Pianophiends have a capital act and possess a comedienne who brings down the house with a twist of her eyebrow. For ludicrous tomfoolery which rouses the risibles "General" Ed La Vine is in a class by himself. His act is sheer absurdity, as is that of Gardiner and Vincent, but somehow they provoke mirth. The whirlwind tumbling of the Seven Yulians is little short of marvelous, and the Reiff Brothers dance a good deal better than they sing. Harry and Eva Puck continue their clever turn of last week, and Charmion still disrobes with a saucy disregard for convention.

Offerings Next Week

Belasco theater changes its routine next week by opening Sunday evening, inasmuch as David Warfield concludes his engagement tonight. The stock company will present the Irish play, "Tom Moore," which was seen here several years ago at this theater. Mr. Van Buren will essay the title role and Lovell Taylor should be seen to advantage as Bessie.

Beginning with the matinee Monday, Oct. 26, the Orpheum will present a bill that seldom has been equalled here for all around excellence and variety. This is made possible by the retention of the best of last week's at-



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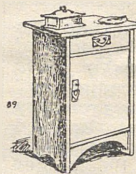
tractions and the incoming acts, every one in decided contrast to those that remain. First, is the Phantastic Phantoms, a girlish novelty in black and white settings headed by Hairion and Rosalie Cebellos. This act will be set in clever juxtaposition with the Pianophiends the big act of this week which is being held over. Jane Courthope and company, including Master Ross, will present "Lucky Jim." Dainty Vinie Daly a member of the famous family of actors of that name will be a feature of the bill.

Lewis S. Stone and his Auditorium company will present Anthony Hope's romantic play, "The Adventure of Lady Ursula" next week. Both Mr. Stone and Miss Florence Oakley will have excellent opportunities in this play which will engage every member of the company in its production. Following the Hope play, the Stone company will put on George Cohan's famous comedy, "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway."

At the Grand Opera house next week the attraction will be "The Royal Chef" an entertaining new musical production. A number of catchy songs are features of the show.

For the second week of her starring engagement, Florence Stone will enliven the Burbank theater with the old favorite, "Mrs. Temple's Telegram." Byron Beasley will have an opportunity to prove his ability as a comedian.

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ART AND ARTISTS

By René T. de Quelin

J. B. Hofner's new picture at the Steckel gallery, is one of the best examples of the Munich artist's work as it is one of the most important that has been shown in Los Angeles. It is a painting with a marvelous power of infusing tranquility, and calmness in the observer. It shows sheep at pasture after a summer shower, with the warmth and glow of the sun breaking through the damp, hazy mist. The peaceful attitude of the shepherd, who stands in the middle-distance bathed with the moist sunlight, is all that could be desired. In composition, a poem of rare value, as it proves the artist to be not only a well-trained one but one imbued with a natural instinct for the happy and reposeful rendering of nature. His beautiful, melting, warm colors show him to be a master of color and harmony; rich, low in key and subdued in effect. The wonderful tone gradations are surprisingly beautiful; and the soft yet marked contrast in the perfect relationship between light and shade are amazingly well rendered. The painting is suffused with a superb atmospheric light that is glorious, full of wonderful values. The perfect drawing, and splendid rendering of textures are of unusual beauty. In short, we are confronted with the work of an artist who is thoroughly trained in technical skill, one who has a story to tell and fully understands how to tell it, using the proper pitch and scale for the key in which he chooses to work, a very essential quality necessary for a good and perfect picture, happily united and blended into a consummate whole; a picture worthy of great study and many hours' peaceful enjoyment.

Franz Bischoff, painter and ceramic artist, of South Pasadena, is working hard in the charming studio he lately built adjoining his attractive and artistic home. This artist is making big strides in oil landscape, doing wonderfully clever things in that line. He is already in line with the big men of Southern California; but perhaps his most astonishing work is in the extremely difficult medium of tempera, he having made some beautiful canvasses in that vehicle. It is safe to say he stands alone in that particular medium in Southern California, as there appears to be none who ventures to use it, notwithstanding that when properly protected by glass, the colors are more lasting than any other used on canvas. It also has a peculiar, soft quality entirely its own and not attainable by any other means. It was Mr. Bischoff's intention to have exhibited next spring, but he has deferred this until later, wishing to attain still greater perfection in what he wishes to express. He is a man of great ambitions, sturdy energy and implacable perseverance; one who has gained great prominence in the ceramic field, as he is known from coast to coast. He goes to Seattle every summer to give lessons in that art. He is also the inventor and manufacturer of a special line of colors for ceramic painting from which he derives a large annuity. His spacious studio is fitted with all requisites necessary for the different branches of art in which he loves to work, and his grounds prove his affection for the flowers that he so loves to portray in his oil, water color and ceramic work, for his gardens are superb.

Rob Wagner, portrait artist, whose residence is now in Santa Barbara, has been in town paying his friends a visit. It is known that he has been very busy on important commissions that have kept him close at his work all summer. He still has many orders that will take him some time to execute. His friend Mr. Donovan, marine painter, has been one to enjoy his visit.

In South Pasadena the Rembrandt club, Mrs. D. G. Gardena, president, has been donated a piece of property in the Arroyo Verde by Mr. Walker Jones, where it is the intention to build a club house. The club is for the purpose of discussing and encouraging

art. It is composed of women residents of South Pasadena, who are forming quite an art colony in that section.

Art Students' league opened an exhibit in the Blanchard hall galleries yesterday which will last one week. The beginning of November there will be an exhibition of work by the artists of Southern California in the same galleries.

Benjamin Brown will exhibit in the Steckel gallery, from November 16, for two weeks following. As Mr. Brown went north to fresh fields, we may expect an unusually interesting exhibit from this gifted artist.

The Misses Free, Craft, and Newcomb have lately added to their well-known craft shop on avenue 41, a complete equipment for the making of pottery. Having had a fine kiln built for the purpose of firing and glazing their ware, they are unusually well established for this work. Something good may be expected from these earnest and hard workers.

LUCILLE'S LETTER

My dear Harriet: For the maiden or matron who is fond of fashioning her own Christmas presents, the ribbon department of the Ville de Paris is a good place to find ideas. They have every so many novelties there. For instance, I saw a wee bouquet of chiffon rosebuds entwined with gilt ribbons that would make a beautiful ornament for the hair. Then there are the dainty silken cases for the powder boxes which transform those staid necessities into the prettiest of toilet articles. And something that combines beauty and usefulness is the gloveholder, a beautiful, soft-padded thing of Dresden ribbon and lace and just the thing for the long white gloves that must be so carefully handled. If you buy your ribbons at the Ville—a proceeding which you will never regret—they will give you all the details as to how to fashion these articles.

Santa Claus has surely taken up his headquarters on the fourth floor of the Boston Store annex. The first thing you see amidst this wilderness of toys is a large cage wherein lurks a lusty lion whose mouth is open and seemingly prepared to gobble you up. It must send the delicious chills of make-believe fear up and down the little ones' spines. There are all kinds of sweet-faced dollies for the girls—dolls whose attire would put Salome in an envious spasm; dolls bedecked in ruffles and furbelows, girl dolls, boy dolls and baby dolls—all ready to satisfy the yearning heart of a little mother. For the little lad there are mechanical toys galore, drums, whistles, trains, automobiles, coasters. It is absolutely impossible to give you an idea of the scope of this department. It is undoubtedly the most complete on the coast, and a grown-up can get nearly as much entertainment out of it as the little ones.

Furs are being resurrected nowadays—and since you need a new set I'd advise you to seek the second floor of Blackstones. There you will find the object of your heart's desire. If there is anything that gives the crowning touch of elegance to the costume of a well-dressed woman it is a set of furs. Blackstones have such beauties, too; soft, nestling things that are as warm and comfy as they look. Their sables are handsome, stately things, and the lynx sets are dark and rich and foreign-looking. The new rug muffs are to be found in abundance at Blackstones—the strangest creations which look exactly like fur rugs, decorated with heads and tails. But lo! A hook here and an eye there, and you have a handsome and commodious muff with which to comfort your fingers. You can get prices and furs to suit almost anyone at Blackstones—if you can't be suited there you are not to be suited.

Now come the days of shivers and chills, the mornings when your teeth chatter and it takes courage to plunge out of a warm bed. I wonder if Christian Science would make you forget your cold toes at six a. m.? As ever, yours, LUCILLE.
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PERSONAL AND SOCIAL

By Ruth Burke

EVENTS FOR NEXT WEEK

TUESDAY—Miss Lois Chamberlain, luncheon, Jonathan Club, for Miss Hubbell. Wedding, Miss Maud E. Ross and Rev. John McClellan Ferguson, St. Paul's pro-cathedral; evening.

WEDNESDAY—Wedding, Miss Huston Bishop and Mr. Edward Bosbyshell, 1280 West Adams street; evening. Mrs. Albert Crutcher and Mrs. Cliff Page, luncheon, 1257 West Adams street. Mrs. Edward D. Jenks, 153; West Twenty-fourth street, card party for Miss Gertrude Bennett; afternoon.

THURSDAY—Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil, 2408 South Figueroa street, dinner for Miss Macneil; evening.

SATURDAY—Miss Mathilde Bartlett, "Oak Knoll," 2400 West Adams street. Halloween dance. Misses Mercedes and Marie Ellis, 2128 Western avenue, supper-dance for Miss Moore and Mr. Edwards; evening. Mrs. Effie Ashby, 1843 West Twenty-second street, reception; afternoon. Mrs. Wesley Clark, 141 Westmoreland Place, supper dance for debutantes and brides-elect. Miss Edith Herron, 2700 Severance street, luncheon for Miss Hubbell and her bridal party.

With a half dozen or more attractive young brides-elect in their midst, the members of the younger set have incentive for many delightful entertainments and that they are not neglecting their opportunities is attested by the round of gala festivities to be noted in honor of this coterie of girls. In no season for many years has there been such a number of brides claimed from the younger set's exclusive circles. At least a dozen engagements and approaching marriages have been announced and it is whispered that there are several secrets yet to be divulged. Of course, while the brides-to-be are being accorded so much attention, the debutantes are not being neglected and society maids and matrons are already vying in plans for their entertainment. The wedding last week of Miss Edna Peyton and Mr. Charles M. Cotton was a brilliant affair, as was that of Miss Pearl Vollmer and Mr. William Wales Mines of the fortnight preceding. Dates for the approaching weddings in which the smart set is particularly interested have been chosen and the first of the nuptials to be celebrated will be that of Miss Huston Bishop and Mr. Edward Bosbyshell, which will take place at the home of the bride's father Mr. Roland Bishop, 1280 West Adams street, Wednesday evening, Oct. 28. Miss Lillian Moore and Miss Helen Safford have both chosen Wednesday, Nov. 4 for their weddings. The former's marriage to Mr. Le Roy Edwards will take place at the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. M. L. Moore, 800 South Alvarado street. Miss Safford and Mr. Albert Ponsall will be married that same evening, their wedding being a church affair, to be marked by extreme simplicity. The evening following will occur the marriage of Miss Mary Widney and Mr. Sidney Reeve, to take place at Bethel Chapel. Miss Lucille Walton and Mr. Earl V. Lewis have selected Friday evening, Nov. 6 as the date for their wedding and the ceremony will be celebrated at the home of the bride on West Adams street. Miss Mary Hubbell, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell of 1000 Arapahoe street will be married to Mr. William L. Graves, Jr., Tuesday evening, Nov. 10 at Immanuel Presbyterian Church. Miss Hazel Patterson and Mr. John Stuart have settled on Thursday, Nov. 10, as the date for their marriage. Miss Helen Chaffee, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee also will be a winter bride. Although her marriage to Lieut. Howard, U.S.A., was not expected to take place for a year, a change has been made in their plans and the event will probably take place in December. Miss Helen Wells, another charming bride-elect, whose engagement to Mr. Percy Wickes has been announced has not yet set a date for her marriage, but it probably will not

take place until the latter part of the winter season or as late as next spring.

In honor of Miss Arthur Collins, formerly Miss Jette Thom, the daughter of Capt. Cameron E. Thom, Mrs. Walter R. Leeds of 22 Berkeley Square entertained Wednesday evening with an informal dinner. The guests included a number of former friends of the young matron, who is the wife of one of London's well known theatrical managers.

Artistic and unique invitations have been issued by Dr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow of 2329 South Figueroa street for the dancing party which they will give at Kramers, Tuesday evening, Nov. 10. The affair is in celebration of their tenth wedding anniversary and the invitations which are engraved on tin, bear at the top the monograms of Dr. and Mrs. Barlow, "M.B.S. & W.J.B." and on either side are the dates, "1898" and "1908."

Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil of 2408 South Figueroa street, entertained Thursday evening with the third of the series of dinners which she is giving to introduce her daughter, Miss Macneil, into society. White chrysanthemums were used in an effective decoration, and, as on the previous occasions, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lott rendered a delightful program of music as a feature of the evening. Mrs. Macneil and Miss Macneil's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Milo Potter, Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Dr. and Mrs. Guy I. Cochran, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kellam, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hicks, Miss Nina Jones, Mr. James Slauson, Mr. Russell Taylor, Mr. Carleton Burke, Mr. O. W. Childs and Mr. Will Wolters. Next Thursday evening Mrs. Macneil will give the concluding dinner of the series. Monday, Nov. 2, Miss Macneil will be hostess at a luncheon given in honor of Miss Mary Hubbell and Wednesday evening, Nov. 25, Mrs. James Slauson will entertain for Miss Macneil, giving a large dance at the Friday Morning clubhouse. Tuesday of this week, Mrs. Mary Longstreet of West Adams street gave a delightfully-appointed tea for Miss Macneil. The drawing room was decorated for the occasion with a profusion of American Beauty roses. Yellow chrysanthemums were utilized in the library and jardiniere roses were used in the dining room. Among those assisting Mrs. Longstreet were Mrs. M. A. Wilcox and Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil.

Of the coterie of attractive young women who will make their entrance into society this season, none will receive a more gracious welcome nor take a more coveted position than Miss Poindexter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Poindexter of 225 West Adams street. Miss Poindexter will make her formal debut at two brilliant receptions to be given Wednesday afternoons, Nov. 4 and 11, for which Mrs. Poindexter already has issued invitations. Guests are to be received on the two afternoons between four and six o'clock. Receiving with Mrs. Poindexter and Miss Poindexter the first of the occasions will be Mrs. Henry T. Lee, Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow and Mrs. Charles L. Poindexter. The second Wednesday they will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. John D. Hooker, Mrs. Horace R. Boynton and Mrs. Fowler Shankland. Those assisting in the dining room on the two occasions will be Mrs. Eugene Overton, Mrs. Fowler Shankland, Mrs. Gilbert T. Gay, Miss Boynton and Mrs. Poindexter's sisters, Mrs. E. Pryce Mitchell and Miss Wade of Montecito. Mrs. Poindexter and her daughter returned only recently from a year's travel in Europe. Miss Poindexter for a number of years was a student at Marlborough school, and is not only accomplished, but is personally attractive, a combination which has always made her a favorite among her companions and which will make her much sought after as a debutante.

Mrs. Charles Silent and Miss Florence Silent of 4 Chester Place plan to leave in a fortnight for Japan, accompanying Mrs. Othman Stevens and her daughter, Miss Clarice Stevens, as far as the Orient. Mrs. Silent and Miss Silent will visit in Japan and China only, but Mrs. Stevens and her daughter

will continue around the world. Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Frank Thomas of 2327 South Flower street entertained with an informal luncheon and bridge party in honor of Mrs. Stevens and also in compliment to Miss Florence Adams, who is a house guest of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Adams of 2407 South Flower street. Three or four tables were filled at the game. This evening Mrs. Stevens will be the honored guest at an informal buffet supper, which Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt of 2645 Severance street will give. Guests will include twenty-four of Mrs. Stevens' most intimate friends.

One of the most delightfully-appointed affairs of the week was the bride luncheon given Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. James H. Adams of 2407 South Flower street in compliment to her niece, Miss Florence Adams, who has been her house guest for six or seven weeks and also in honor of Mrs. I. L. Merrill. About twenty guests were entertained during the afternoon. Miss Adams is an extremely interesting and entertaining young woman and is returning to her home in Dayton, Ohio, after an absence of two or three years in the Philippines, where she was the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. William Parre, the former being an official in the government service there. Miss Adams plans to leave Los Angeles for her eastern home, the earlier part of next week and Sunday she will receive her friends informally from five to eight p. m.

Friday evening, Nov. 6 has been chosen by Miss Lucille Walton and Mr. Earl V. Lewis as the date for their wedding. The ceremony is to be celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Walton 755 West Adams street, and Miss Walton will have for her maid of honor her cousin, Miss Claire Deuprey of San Francisco. Her bridesmaids will be Miss Josephine Lewis, sister of the groom and Miss Ruth Sterry. Mr. Norman Sterry will be the best man. The wedding, while one of the principal society events of the season, will be attended by much simplicity. Many delightful pre-nuptial affairs have been given in honor of Miss Walton since announcement was made of her engagement. Among others planned is the card party which Miss Josephine Lewis and Mrs. Edward S. Pauly sisters of the groom-to-be, will give at the home of Mrs. Pauly, 1225 Ingraham street, Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 27. The house will be decorated for the occasion with a profusion of yellow chrysanthemums and greenery. About forty guests have been invited and the hostesses will be assisted by Misses Nora and Ruth Sterry and Mrs. C. G. Lewis.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson Widney, of West Jefferson street, for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Mary Louise Widney to Mr. Sidney Nairn Reeve, the ceremony to take place Thursday evening, November 5, at Bethel Chapel, Thirty-ninth street and Marmion Way. Since the announcement of her engagement, Miss Widney has been the recipient of much social attention and this week, like the several preceding ones, has seen many festivities in her honor. Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Leland Bagley and Mrs. William Pelley gave an informal card party at the latter's home, Seventh avenue and West Adams, for Miss Widney. The house was attractively decorated with yellow chrysanthemums and ferns and bridge whist was the diversion of the afternoon. Thursday evening Mr. Merick Reynolds, Jr. of 1023 South Alvarado street, entertained at dinner for Miss Widney and Mr. Reeve. His other guests included their bridal party comprising Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Howard, Miss Katherine Widney, Miss Hannah McDonald, Mr. Warren Williams, Mr. Aubrey Austin, Mr. Howard Bullen, Mr. Erwin Widney and Mr. Reynolds's sister, Mrs. A. J. Heinn. This afternoon as a conclusion to the series of gala pre-nuptial affairs for Miss Widney, Miss Ethel Shrader, of Hollywood, and her sister Mrs. C. Weston Clark, are entertaining with a box party at the Auditorium. The guests include Miss Widney, Mrs. Paul Pauley, Mrs. Albert Lee Stephens, Mrs. George Shelton, Mrs. Bert Howard, Miss Hannah Mc-

Donald, Miss Katherine Widney and Miss Grace Van Alstyne. Following the matinee a collation is to be served at the Chocolate Shop.

For the brides-elect this week there have been many charming affairs given. Miss Helen Wells of 2637 Ellendale place entertained Wednesday afternoon with a luncheon in honor of Miss Huston Bishop and Miss Mary Hubbell. Invitations for the afternoon were issued to Misses Bishop, Hubbell, Kate Van Nuys, Lois Chamberlain, Mary Clark, Helen Chaffee, Irene Kelly, Edith Herron, Ruth Sterry, Juana Creighton, Hazel Patterson and Mrs. Burton Green. Thursday afternoon, Misses Mary and Lucy Clark of St. James Park entertained for Miss Bishop with a buffet luncheon. About fifty guests were present. They were assisted by Mrs. Roland Bishop and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee. Today, Miss Bishop is the guest of honor at a box party which Miss Irene Kelly is giving at the Auditorium. A collation will be enjoyed at the Copper Kettle after the play. Miss Kelly's guests include twelve or fifteen of Miss Bishop's girl friends.

One of the enjoyable entertainments of recent date was the house party given last Sunday by Mr. Hancock Banning at his Wilmington home. The stately residence, with its spacious rooms, which has been owned by the Banning family for many years was the scene of a merry gathering upon this occasion. Sunday Captain Banning entertained his guests with a sail in and about the harbor in his trim yacht, "The Cricket." In the party were several of the prominent Los Angeles men who for a number of years have been members of the Banning-Hancock orchestra. Captain Banning's guests included Mr. and Mrs. G. Allan Hancock, Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Rule, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Edwards, Miss Frances Edwards, Miss Corrine Gough, Mr. William Strowbridge, Mr. O. Deets and Mr. Clyde Harshman.

In the presence of their immediate families, Miss Rose Marie Neahr and Mr. George Rice Jr., were married Thursday evening at Alhambra in the attractive bungalow which Mr. Rice has built for his bride there, at 321 South Second street. The ceremony was marked by extreme simplicity and Rev. Dr. Montgomery of the Alhambra Presbyterian church officiated. The pretty home was artistically decorated for the auspicious occasion with a profusion of yellow chrysanthemums and shell pink carnations. Miss Dimple Brown was maid of honor and the best man was Mr. Erwin Hayes Rice, brother of the groom. Mr. Rice is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Rice of 5308 Pasadena avenue and is treasurer of the well known publishing and printing firm which bears his father's name. His bride is the daughter of Mrs. Harriet Neahr of 6425 Ruby street. No cards will be issued by Mr. and Mrs. Rice, but after Nov. 15 they will be at home to their friends at 321 South Second street, Alhambra.

Hallowe'en, that weird traditional occasion, when witches, spooks, and black cats roam at large and in the witching midnight hour perform deeds of magic, is to be fittingly celebrated in Los Angeles this year. Almost innumerable entertainments will be given on this eve of enchantment and one of the most delightfully-appointed will be the old-fashioned supper-dance which the Misses Mercedes and Marie Ellis of 2128 Western avenue will give in honor of Miss Lillian Moore and her betrothed, Mr. Le Roy Edwards. Decorations will be appropriate to the occasion, consisting of an effective arrangement of grinning jack-o-lanterns, witches, and black cats. Besides the guests of honor, the Misses Ellis of 2128 Western avenue will Pollard, Helen Macleish, Dorothy Macleish, Grace Beckwith, Hattie Bradford, Edna Bradford, Jessie Morgan, Florence Avery, Messrs. Walter Koebig, Adolf Koebig, O. Rey Rule, Frank Alexander, Willard Lyons, Chester Moore, Walter Kelly, James Gibson, George Mansfield, Dr. L. M. Ellis, Lieut. Wayne Osburn, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Peck, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald A. Rule, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cotton, Dr. and Mrs. M. L. Moore and Mr. and Mrs.

George Ellis. Another large Halloween party in which members of the younger set will participate will be the supper-dance which Miss Matilde Bartlett will give at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Bartlett, "Oak Knoll", 2400 West Adams street. About fifty young people have received invitations to this affair, which is to follow somewhat along the conventional celebration of the occasion yet will be marked by a number of unique conceits. Among other affairs planned for this date, one of particular brilliancy will be the Halloween supper and dance with which Mrs. Wesley Clark of 141 Westmoreland place will entertain in honor of Misses Macneil, Sallie Utley and Alice Elliott, three charming debutantes of this season, and also in compliment to three brides-elect, Miss Helen Wells, Helen Chaffee and Miss Mary Hubbell.

This week invitations were issued for the wedding of Miss Mary Hubbell, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell of 1000 Arapahoe street, to Mr. William A. Graves Jr., the ceremony to take place Tuesday evening, Nov. 10 at the Immanuel Presbyterian church. Miss Hubbell, who is an undisputed favorite in the younger set, has been the recipient of much attention in the last few weeks and will be the guest of honor at several other affairs in the fortnight or so preceding her wedding. Friday, Miss Clara Vickers of 624 West Twenty-eighth street entertained for Miss Hubbell and Miss Hazel Patterson with a luncheon. The decorations were in bride's rose and places at the table were arranged for twelve guests. Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 20 Miss Lois Chamberlain was hostess at a box party at the Auditorium given in compliment to Miss Patterson. Her guests included ten mutual girl friends and after the performance a luncheon was served at the Copper Kettle. Next Tuesday Miss Chamberlain will entertain for Miss Hubbell, giving an attractively-appointed luncheon at the Jonathan club in her honor. Miss Chamberlain's guests on this occasion will include Miss Hubbell's bridal party and plates will be set for ten. Next Saturday Miss Hubbell will be the guest of honor at another luncheon, given by Miss Edith Herron, 2700 Severance street. Besides Miss Hubbell, the guests will include her bridal party, covers being laid for twelve. Among the other entertainments planned for Miss Hubbell will be a luncheon which Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil and her daughter, Miss Macneil will give early in November, and also a dinner-dance at which Miss Kate Van Nuys will be hostess.

This evening the Bachelors will gather around the board at the Alexandria hotel and while participating in their annual dinner will devote a necessary space of time to the election of their new board of governors and to a discussion of plans for the annual ball which is to be given about Jan. 12 at the Assembly Hall, Sixteenth and Flower streets. About forty of the sixty-eight or so members will be present and a program of entertainments have been arranged for the evening. Mr. Louis Vetter will preside as toastmaster and the toast list will be a varied one. A quartette of negro singers will be a feature of the entertainment.

Mrs. J. Ross Clark and daughter, Mrs. Henry Carleton Lee entertained at their home 710 West Adams street Thursday afternoon with a large and brilliantly appointed tea in honor of Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr. The home was elaborately decorated for the occasion. In the reception room pink roses, in clusters, were used. The hall was arranged in yellow chrysanthemums. In the dining room, where coffee and cakes were served, the table was covered with a handsome lace spread over a green satin cloth. A basket of American Beauty roses formed the centerpiece and the candles bore shades of filigree silver over green. Tea and ices were served in the breakfast room, which was decorated with Cecil Bruner roses, the walls being banked with smilax. American Beauty roses were used effectively in the library, where punch was served and the den was decorated with cosmos. The hos-

esses were assisted in receiving and entertaining by a large number of society women.

David Warfield, pre-eminent as an actor of the American stage appeared before the members of the Friday Morning club, Wednesday afternoon and there won his audience as he has won thousands of others by his interesting address on the drama and stage of today. At the reception following, in the receiving line with Mr. Warfield were Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, Mrs. W. Loughby Rodman, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mitchell, Miss Antoinette Perry, Mrs. Jules Kauffman, Mrs. E. K. Foster and Dr. Dorothea Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Potter of Hotel Van Nuys were host and hostess Monday evening at a dinner given at the hotel cafe, in celebrating of its reopening. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell, Dr. and Mrs. Guy I. Cochran, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clark, Jr., Miss Nina Jones, Mr. Russell Taylor and Mr. Will Wolters.

Accounted among the enjoyable affairs of the week's social festivities was the bridge party given Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Lombard of St. James Park.

Miss Elizabeth Wolters who has been traveling abroad for several months returned home Wednesday.

Mrs. Allen C. Balch entertained recently in her apartments of Hotel Angelus in honor of Mrs. Arthur Collins of London, England. Other guests were Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mrs. Nathaniel Myrick, Mrs. Jefferson Paul Chandler, Mrs. Leo Chandler, Miss Annis Van Nuys, Miss Echo Allen and Miss Clara Carpenter.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram S. Kneeder of Twenty-third street are home from a week's trip to San Francisco. In their absence they were much entertained by friends.

Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Miss Maude Ewing Ross, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. L. A. Ross of 628 Westlake avenue, to Rev. John McClellan, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Concord, Cal. The ceremony will take place Tuesday evening, Oct. 27 at St. Paul's pro-cathedral. Miss Frances Holmes will be maid of honor and Mr. Samuel H. French is to be best man. The ushers chosen are Dr. William Brill, Dr. John Adams Doliver, Mr. Howard Robertson and Mr. Charlton Edholm. Little Frances Wheeler will be the flower girl. Following the ceremony a supper will be served for friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Washburn of 4000 Pasadena avenue have returned from a month's sojourn at Ocean Park.

Miss Hazel Patterson, whose marriage to Mr. John Stuart, is to take place November 10, was the guest of honor Tuesday afternoon at a box party given at the Auditorium by Miss Lois Chamberlain. Ten young women, the friends of Miss Patterson, were in the party and at the conclusion of the performance a collation was enjoyed at the Copper Kettle. Friday afternoon, Miss Patterson shared honors with Miss Mary Hubbell at a delightfully-appointed luncheon given by Miss Clara Vickers at her home, 624 West Twenty-eighth street.

With the marriage of Miss Edna Peyton last week to Mr. Charles Cotton of Gallup, N. M., the house party which was entertained for a month at the Peyton home has come to an end. Miss Mabel Gregory, one of the bridesmaids who came down from San Francisco to take part in the ceremony, left for her home the day following the wedding. Miss Eleanor Brooks and Miss Besse McMurry who also were bridesmaids, have returned to their homes in the East. Miss Grace Beckwith, of Danville, Ill., will be a guest of Mrs. Valentine Peyton until after Christmas and is to be one of Miss Lillian Moore's bridesmaids.

Of much interest to a wide circle of friends was the marriage Tuesday evening of Mrs. Florence Stowell and Mr. Joseph D. Radford. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. A. Rivers, on West Sixth street and was witnessed only

by relatives and a few friends. Dr. Robert J. Burdette officiated. The bride was attired in a handsome gown of silver-gray satin made empire style. Her traveling gown was of brown broadcloth. The house decorations were of gold and white chrysanthemums and the bridal table also was decorated with the same flowers. Mrs. Radford is one of the well known society women of the city and Mr. Radford is prominently identified in Los Angeles' business and financial affairs, being vice-president of the German-American Savings bank. They will enjoy a short trip and after Dec. 1 will be at home to their friends at 1124 West Adams street.

Mrs. Leah J. Seeley of South Figueroa street was hostess recently at a luncheon given at her home for a number of friends. Red carnations were used in the decorations and music was furnished by an orchestra. Guests were Meses. Alexander Hamilton, W. G. Eisenmeyer, W. S. Cross, G. A. Pounder, John Cline, Fred Hooker Jones, C. M. Seeley, J. C. Ferrell, M. W. Everhardy, T. Newman, Mrs. T. Newell, Charles Howland, and Lewis Clarke Carlisle.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace G. Hamilton entertained Monday evening with a large dinner party at Hotel Lankershim in celebration of their twentieth wedding anniversary. A handsome centerpiece of cream and white roses formed an effective decoration and the places were marked with cards in the shape of wedding bells, adorned with sketches in water colors of orange blossoms. About forty guests were present.

Another of Los Angeles' society girls is to become a bride this winter, the engagement having been announced of Miss Mabel McKenzie and Mr. A. K. Kelly, the latter a prominent young society and business man of Fresno. Announcement of the betrothal was made through the medium of dainty notes sent out by Miss McKenzie's mother, Mrs. L. M. Cary of 1854 West Twenty-first street. Recently, Miss Jean Cox of La Salle street entertained for Miss McKenzie with a miscellaneous shower. Last evening the bride-elect herself was hostess at a whist party given in compliment to Miss Anita Kelly, a sister of her betrothed and also in honor of Mrs. Russell Kilgore, nee French. Miss McKenzie is a young woman of particular charm of manner and possessing more than the usual share of beauty. She is a member of the Shirt Waist club of Ocean Park, which for several years has figured largely in the society affairs of that beach city and in Los Angeles as well. Her marriage to Mr. Kelly will take place Wednesday, November 18, at the home of her mother.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy entertained recently with a buffet dinner at their Redondo home in honor of Miss Huston Bishop and Mr. Edward Bosbyshell. Later, dancing was the pastime. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy plan to occupy their home until early in November, when they will leave for New York for a visit of five or six weeks.

Ocean Park society folk are interested this week in the marriage of Miss Marie Ruff and Mr. Harold Ferauld, which took place Wednesday afternoon at the Church of the Good Shepherd, of that place. In honor of the young bride a number of pre-nuptial entertainments were given, one of the most delightful being the afternoon affair at which the Misses Laura, Eleanor and Virginia Anderson, the three charming young daughters of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Anderson, of Ocean Park, were hostesses.

Social activity continues to prevail at Hotel del Coronado despite the fact that September is supposed to close the beach season. Hon. Thomas L. Duque, Nicaraguan consul to the United States, Miss E. E. Duque and Mr. J. G. Duque were guests at the hotel Tuesday of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor accompanied by their friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Brown of Philadelphia motored from Los Angeles to Coronado last week, making the trip down over the coast road and returning to Los Angeles again by the

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inland road. Mr. and Mrs. Don G. Fisher of this city passed a part of their honeymoon at the Coronado hotel and Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Hale of San Francisco motored down for their honeymoon and were guests at the hotel a few days. Mrs. Herbert F. Munn, who with her mother makes del Coronado her permanent home, entertained recently with an informal bridge party. Among the recent arrivals from Los Angeles were Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Jones and daughter, and Messrs. P. A. Newmark, F. McPherson, M. D. Sedam, C. A. Goodheart, C. S. Parmen-tier and J. J. Lonergan.

Mrs. Eyre Barrow-french was hostess Thursday afternoon at a luncheon at the California club and a theater party at the Auditorium. The affair is second of a series of informal entertainments which Mrs. Barrow-french is giving and twenty-four guests enjoyed the afternoon's pleasure.

STOCKS, BONDS, FINANCE

It has been a week of good, healthy, red blood business in the volume of Los Angeles stock exchange transactions, and the total on and off the board has aggregated considerably in excess of \$100,000. The trading has been largely of the high-class investment description, which down this way has the call as compared with the mining share business that is done with a big flourish up in San Francisco.

Prices, while not noticeably on the upgrade, as compared with last reports, continue to maintain a firm level, and the cheap, bargain-counter period for grabbing the good things that have been at the beck and call of idle funds, is about at an end.

Los Angeles Home Telephone Pfd., is considerably firmer, with the dividend for the present quarter due in about two weeks and already declared by the directors. If the pending contest between the city and the corporation in regard to the right of the former to fix rates is decided against the municipality, the stock not only is good for a rise of at least ten points in the immediate future, but Home Common, now an indigestible security, will have considerable of an investment value. The stock has recently stiffened a bit around 12 with this prospect in sight.

Public utility shares are somewhat weak, with money ruling strong around 6 at 7 per cent. for bank loans, and 8 at 10 per cent. for private funds.

Associated Oil companies to hold more than its own, the stock as well as the bonds, in a manner that looks as if inside support is assisting in holding up the market.

Other industrials, especially the bonds of known merit, have not yet reached the level to which they are entitled because of the value that is behind them.

Bank stocks continue to gain ground, with the recent bull flurry in First National at an end. The bank shares are about the best thing in the present market from an investment point of view, and the prominent issues should be gathered in while they are still much below the figures bid for them before the recent depression about eighteen months ago.

Banks and Banking

After paying his respects to the Bryan bank guarantee deposit folly and the postal savings proposition, President E. H. May of the First National Bank of Pasadena who returned recently from the national convention of bankers at Denver stated, in an interview, that the convention was one of marked importance, coming as it did immediately upon the heels of the agitation for currency reform, which resulted in the adoption of the Vreeland bill. Mr. May says: "It was the desire to perfect a more elastic system which would care for such conditions as those that caused the issuance of scrip last fall. The Vreeland bill, which expires, so far as being operative, in six years, the convention regarded as being merely a temporary measure of protection, which must be supplanted by a scientific currency. The United States already has a commission which is to conduct a series of investigations covering the next two of three years, after which it will report upon a satisfactory system and the bankers' convention has continued the life of its special currency committee to aid in perfecting an adequate currency plan." Mr. May said further that California was splendidly represented at the convention and that the only offer for the convention of 1910 came from Los Angeles and will undoubtedly be accepted. This meeting of bankers, if obtained, will bring to Southern California about five thousand of the most prominent financiers of the country and will mean much for Los Angeles and this section of the country.

In the thirtieth report of the state board of bank commissioners in San Francisco this week the growth of the state is illustrated in the reported organization of thirty-eight commercial and savings banks in the twelvemonth. In the year ten commercial banks have been nationalized leaving 506 institutions under the jurisdiction of the state board. It is shown in the report that in

the year ending July 15, fourteen institutions have been suspended and that five mergers have taken place in Los Angeles. Owing to the recent period of financial distress a decrease in assets is shown, but the totals are still heavy enough to be impressive, aggregating \$539,031,885.34 and deposits of \$408,626,663.07. Included in the annual statement are reports of the receivers of the various banks in liquidation, irregularities being accredited to the California Safe Deposit and Trust company, the Consolidated Bank of Los Angeles and the Market-street bank of San Francisco.

Los Angeles is well represented in the last "Roll of Honor," published by the Financier of New York, five of her national banks being ranked on the comptroller of currency's list as follows: Merchants' National, Citizens' National, First National, Farmers and Merchants' National and the Central National. In order to gain a place on the roll of honor a bank must show surplus and undivided profits equal to or in excess of its capital stock, and the percentage of national banks which could do this according to the last report was about one in six. The Merchants' National ranks at the head of the list of banks in the state so far as percentage of surplus and profits to capital is concerned.

"Business outlook is brighter each day and financial conditions throughout the country are improving" is the statement made recently by Marco Hellman, vice-president of the Merchants' National bank. "Banks are doing business now on a much more conservative basis and for this reason the so-called 'panic' was a blessing. The bankers realize more fully than any one else that they are the custodians of the money of their depositors and must be prepared to care for the demands of their patrons. Eastern money is beginning to come into Los Angeles and in cases is replacing loans heretofore covered with San Francisco funds, allowing the San Francisco money to be returned there where it will be used in the upbuilding of the city. This is a good indication that what benefits Los Angeles also benefits San Francisco and what benefits that city helps the entire coast. On the whole, the people of California, especially of Southern California, are to be congratulated on the business outlook, which grows brighter each day."

Receiver Kelsey of the defunct Citizens' Savings bank of Long Beach has asked the court to authorize the declaring of another dividend of 10 per cent. to the depositors, to be payable about November 10.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Bids of the Merchants' National bank of San Diego have been accepted by the city council of that city for the purchase of water and extension bonds in the sum of \$198,891.45; sewer improvement bonds in the amount of \$52,894.54; University Heights sewer bonds for \$4,648.54; also for the purchase of Florence Heights sewer bonds in the sum of \$8,834.58; East Side sewer bonds in the sum of \$1,889.34 and for the purchase of \$5,500 of outfall sewer bonds.

William R. Staats Co., of Los Angeles has taken up all the remaining bonds which it had agreed to purchase for San Diego, aggregating \$19,373.71, including accrued interest and premium.

Long Beach's city council has instructed the city attorney to draw up an ordinance calling an election for voting on bonds to acquire a local water plant.

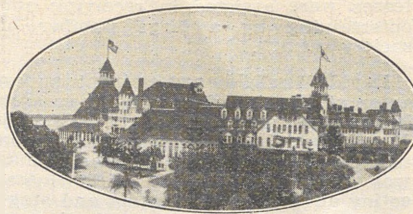
Directors of the Hotel Virginia at a recent meeting voted a \$500,000 bond issue for the purpose of taking up an outstanding issue and to clear all indebtedness.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior. U. S. Land
Office at Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 28, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Clyde W. Dayton of Chatsworth, Los Angeles County, California, who, on August 28th, 1908, made timber or stone entry, No. —, for the E. 1/2 of the N.E. 1/4, of Section 28, Township 2 N., Range 17 W., S.B.M., has filed notice of intention to make final proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Los Angeles County, California, on the 10th day of November, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: Arthur H. Nash, August Schweikhard, Ferdinand Tetzlaff, Charles Woolsey, all of Chatsworth, California.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Sept. 5-9th. first publication Sept 5-08.

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AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOISTS

By "Magnet"

24-Hour Race at Ascot Park

If there is no hitch in the present arrangements, the first 24-hour race ever held on the Pacific coast may be run today at Ascot park. The course is now in a fair condition, but anything like fast time, most certainly will not be made, as the track is soft and after the first few hours will be in a deplorable mess. In addition to those that have already signified their intention of competing (according to the promoter) will be a Hayes, Franklin, Pope-Hartford and White. It is expected that Forsyth will enter one of his Auburn roadsters. The local tire men are taking nearly as much interest in the event as those who have cars entered. All the concerns realize what a victory means to any brand of tire and a car that can run the entire twenty-four hours at top speed will bring as much credit to the tires, with which the machine is equipped, as to the automobile itself. Arrangements have been completed for the proper policing of the course throughout the race so that the liability of accident will be reduced to a minimum.

Phoenix Auto Race

Aspects of the Los Angeles-Phoenix race took a decided change at the meeting held last Monday. Through a misunderstanding on the part of Mr. Fenner, it has been stated that Mr. Leavitt of the Locomobile agency had agreed to race Col. Fenner in a White Steamer from Los Angeles to Phoenix, independently of the proposed event in which Leon T. Shettler's Kisselkar already had been entered. The meeting held at the Locomobile agency was attended by Messrs. R. I. Leavitt, Leon T. Shettler, A. I. Smith and John S. Mitchell, of the Hollenbeck hotel, the latter of whom has been appointed stake-holder on behalf of the Maricopa Automobile club, under whose auspices the race is to be held. Mr. Leavitt declared that in agreeing to the race with Mr. Fenner for the \$1000 a side bet, he did not intend to deviate from the rules which the club had laid down or to run in a competition event.

Postponed to November 7

It is Mr. Leavitt's desire to enter a machine in the race and for that reason it has been arranged to postpone the event until November 7, if need be in order that he may be accommodated. A. I. Smith—Self-Starting-Smith—of Elmore fame, also declared his intention of entering a car. Mr. Smith intends to make a trial trip over the course laid out by the Maricopa Automobile club in order to familiarize himself with the conditions. He then plans to enter and start with the Loco and Kisselkar.

Fine Roads in the East

D. T. Althouse and family returned last week from a 2000-mile tour of the East in a Packard touring car. The car was delivered to Mr. Althouse in New York and he immediately started on tours in all directions. One of the pleasantest parts of the trip was the run into the Berkshire hills. The scenery was picturesque and the roads were extremely good. Said Mr. Althouse: "The amount of road work which is being done in the East and particularly in New York state, is surprising. We found miles and miles of the finest Macadam roads, on which we could open up our Packard with the greatest safety and comfort. There were bad stretches in places of course, which are being repaired, but the Empire state soon will be a net work of superb roads for motoring. The farmers are taking great interest in the road improvements and in fact everybody is boosting. There is much touring there. Through the New England states I met many Western autoists. Motorists who go East should not fail to take the trip through New England. The roads are good and the country abounds in historic old points which make touring in that country such a pleasure."

Chancellor & Lyon Cup

Ralph C. Hamlin, the enterprising Franklin agent, has received the

Chancellor & Lyon trophy cup for breaking the Los Angeles-San Diego record. The former holder was L. B. Harvey who tore several minutes off the previous mark set.

Vanderbilt Cup Race

Drawing for position in the Vanderbilt cup race, which started at dawn today, over eleven miles of the new cement road of the Long Island Motor Parkway and twelve and a half miles of the open country at Garden City, Long Island, resulted as follows:

Car No. 1, Locomobile, driver, to be selected. No. 2, Knox, Bask. No. 3, Mercedes, Striker. No. 4, Chadwick, Haupt. No. 5, Mercedes, Luttgen. No. 6, Isotta Fraschini, Lytle. No. 7, Matheson, Ryall. No. 8, Thomas, to be selected. No. 9, Hotchkiss, Kilpatrick. No. 10, Bazier Touget. No. 11, Acme, Tatchske. No. 12, Thomas, Selzman. No. 14, B. L. M., Williams. No. 15, Matheson, Chevrolet. No. 16, Locomobile, Robertson. No. 17, Renault, Strang. No. 18, Mercedes, Keene. No. 19, Thomas, Gill. No. 20, Knox, Bourgue.

Fast Time Made in Practice Runs

Cars were sent away by starter Fred Dazner at thirty-seconds intervals. The race consists of eleven laps, making a total of 258 miles. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., the donor of the cup, is referee, as formerly, of the classic event, but he has insisted on two associate referees, who were chosen to assist him. Meanwhile, the cars have been practicing over the course. I. B. Ryal in a Matheson car was credited with making the fastest lap, covering the 23.46-mile circuit in twenty-one minutes or at the rate of sixty-seven miles an hour. Herbert Lytle in his Isotta also was heard from, as was Willie Haupt in his Chadwick six.

Spain Offers a Market

Spain's market conditions at the present time indicate that American automobiles can be successfully introduced into that country, according to Consul-General Frank Hill, of Barcelona, in a report to the department of commerce and labor. The majority of automobiles in use in Spain, are of Spanish make and there are motor factories in Barcelona and Victoria. The total number of automobiles now in use, it is reported, is about 300, including a few of the British, German and French makes.

Few Autos in China

China's well-known aversion to a change of any time-honored custom, is responsible for the fact that the celestial kingdom never will become a great market for motor cars, according to Vice Consul-General W. Roderick Dorsey, of Shanghai. He points out, for example, that in Shanghai with 500,000 population there are but fourteen cars, only five of which are owned by natives. It is declared that China will not become a market for automobiles until the Chinese take more freely to this mode of locomotion, but getting them interested is slow work.

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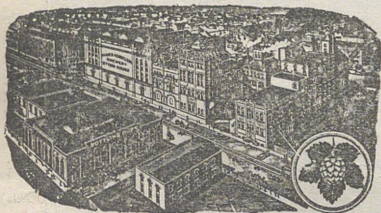


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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.

U. S. LAND OFFICE AT

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 14, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Alfred Hinker, of Topanga, California, who on March 18, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11298, for E. 1/4 S.W. 1/4, S.W. 1/4 S.W. 1/4, Sec. 2, S.E. 1/4 S.E. 1/4, Sec. 3, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S.B.M., has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 6th day of November, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: A. G. Montgomery, J. L. Wood, A. von Arnswaldt, W. D. Reynolds, all of Topanga, California.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Oct. 3—5t; date first publication Oct 3 '08

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior

U. S. LAND OFFICE AT

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 1, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that William D. Reynolds of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on July 5th, 1905, made Homestead Entry (01561) No. 10853, for S.W. 1/4 of S.E. 1/4, and S. 1/2 of S.W. 1/4, Sec. 1, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S.B.M., has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 18th day of November, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: C. C. Cheney of Topanga, Cal.; Claude M. Allen, of Topanga, Cal.; John Wood, of Topanga, Cal.; J. U. Henry, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Daniel E. Fletcher, of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
Oct. 3—5t; date first publication Oct 3 '08

NOTICE OF SALE OF DELINQUENT STOCK

Needles Light & Power Company

Location of principal place of business, Los Angeles, California.

Office: 416 East Third Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Notice: There are delinquent upon the following described stock on account of an assessment levied on the 10th day of September, 1908, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective share holders, as follows:

Name.	No. of Certificate.	No. of Shares.	Amount.
W. W. Perry,	3	12500	\$625.00
M. P. Thye	4	12499	624.95
M. P. Thye	5	1	.05

And in accordance with law and an order of the board of directors of said company, made on said 10th day of September, 1908, so many shares of each parcel of said stock as may be necessary will be sold at the office of said company, 416 E. Third street, in the city of Los Angeles, Cal., at the hour of 10 o'clock, a.m., of the 10th day of November, 1908, to pay delinquent assessment thereon, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

W. B. PALMER,
Secretary of said Needles Light and Power Company.

Office: 416 E. Third street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Oct. 24-2t. Date 1st publication Oct. 24-08



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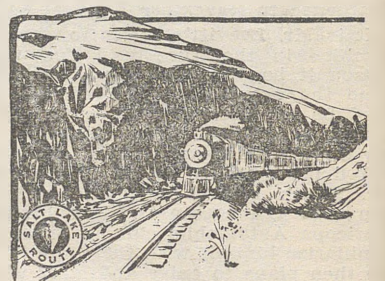
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